

SEWANEE REVIEW

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<i>Mr. Walter A. Dyer is Secretary of the Amherst Alumni Association and lives in Amherst, Massachusetts.</i>		
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<i>The author is at present in the Graduate Department of English in Vanderbilt University and was active earlier in the Memphis group of writers who published THE OBSERVER.</i>		
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<i>These entirely personal impressions by a young literary critic now living in Boston have an unusual value in portraying one of the most distinctive figures of recent Harvard history. Readers of the SEWANEE REVIEW will recall the important part this Quarterly played in bringing Irving Babbitt and the new-Humanism to the</i>		

attention of reflective readers everywhere before the man and the Humanists issues were vulgarized by the journalists.

Though Humanism of the Babbitt variety is not at present tossed about by journalists in search of a subject, it is not, contrary to common assumptions, as dead as Marley. It still flourishes as an active force in shaping the minds of the rising generation in American colleges where students and disciples of Irving Babbitt are professionally engaged in the work of teaching modern youth.

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Appropriately juxtaposed to the foregoing essay on Irving Babbitt is this criticism of Van Wyck Brooks who has been an object of special attack by Babbitt's disciples who, in some instances, were unable to see Van Wyck Brooks clearly because Babbitt's peculiar philosophy obscured their vision.

Dr. Glicksberg, who received his Ph.D. at the University of Pennsylvania, now lives in New York City.

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This thoughtful essay lays down some interesting proposals, as it scans the deficiencies of contemporary, experimental verse of the more anxious experimenters and specifically comments on the poetry of four modern poets: T. S. Eliot, Archibald MacLeish, Wallace Stevens, and Hart Crane.

Howard Blake is one of the younger Boston group of literary analysts of whom Austin Warren is perhaps the best known.

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Mr. Bunting, the author, is an A.B. of Sewanee, and has studied at Harvard and Christ Church Oxford. At present he lives in Arden, North Carolina where he is testing Agrarianism as a dirt farmer.

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Mark Schorer is a member of the Department of English in the University of Wisconsin.

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Mr. Withington has been a frequent contributor to various scholarly and popular magazines and is Professor of English at Smith College in Northampton, Massachusetts.

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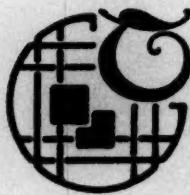
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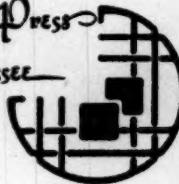
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WILLIAM S. KNICKERBOCKER

ASIDES AND SOLILOQUIES

SUFFICIENT evidence is discernible, in present American efforts of recovery from the depression, of a growing awareness of a fundamental antagonism between two basic economic motives. Is American civilization to be motivated philosophically by an economic metaphysics of *security* or of *prosperity*? Hitherto, their hostility has not been widely noticed. Under increasing criticism of present experimental efforts towards recovery, with accompanying rejoinders from economic experimenters to justify their attempts by a philosophy of defence, the native empiricism of American political action seems to be yielding once more to the necessity of formulating concretely the underlying concepts upon which political action rests. Those who refuse to see the incremental values of industrialism in the spill-over effects of capitalistic passion for prosperity reduce "rugged individualism" to a simple formula: Prosperity, they say, during the last half-century in America, was the result of intrigues in an individualistic competition excited by exploitive zeal for the sole purpose of acquisition. Economic radicals contend that the pioneering incentive of "rugged individualism" must yield to a passion for economic security of the masses, even though the regimentation necessary for success in this direction compels the relinquishing of the traditional American passion for liberty.

Have the advocates of security made up their minds as to what constitute the minimum necessities of security? When they have established that, they will still be faced by the permutations or combinations of what happens in the economic process when individual and social *wants* become, through the curious metamorphoses of human nature, *needs*, or what progressively become "the minimum necessities of economic security". The dynamic and mutable relativism here involved must exercise the more abstract and speculative among those who agitate for a secured collectivism of any form, whether violently or peacefully achieved.

IN this crisis of contending systems, there is an American publicist whose success as an educational administrator has obscured the importance of his political thinking and teaching. Without ever holding public office, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, has been, for almost forty years, a disinterested critic of and prophetic voice in the American and international scene, and has steadfastly exercised his opportunities to exert influence in the formation of a right public opinion. His latest book, *Between Two Worlds* (Scribner's, 1934), consistently developed a point of view involved in his earlier volumes but it succeeded in eliciting a cruel, savage, and pointedly personal attack in the pages of *The American Review* (December, 1934) by a Mid-Western writer. Waspishness in criticism is a boomerang: it hurts him who indulges in it more than him who is its object.

AFTER all, can it not be said that Dr. Butler has been the intimate friend and willing learner of the great men of the modern world? Statesmen, philosophers, prelates, scientists, and artists have been his unofficial dons. He could truly say of himself: "I do not profess to be a politician, but simply one of a disinterested class of observers, who, with no organized and embodied set of supporters to please, set themselves to observe honestly and to report faithfully the state and prospects of our civilization." For more than a quarter of a century, Dr. Butler has annually published collections of his public addresses which have been a steady support of liberals and which have gathered

up various strands of the American tradition and contributed to a growing sense of the fundamental unity of the American liberal attitude. When American liberalism has been subjected to the fierce assaults of its critics, Dr. Butler has consistently—and sometimes solely—been its staunchest defender and expositor. All of his books are worth re-reading today but two of them prominently stand out: *The Faith of a Liberal*, [Scribner's, 1924] and *Looking Forward—What Will the American People Do About It?* [Scribner's, 1932].

In these, as in his other books, Dr. Butler disclosed the political philosophy which he has consistently advocated during his public career as educator and man of public affairs. He is a deliberate expositor of what he calls The Great Tradition of Liberalism. His fidelity is conspicuous. The prestige of Liberalism was perhaps never so low as it is today, even in the English-speaking world. Elsewhere, it was never strong but the recent pressure of compulsion philosophies has tended to throw its adherents on the defensive, even where its benefits have demonstrated that it should have been most tenaciously preserved, if not proclaimed. In the face of rival proposals like Communism, Fascism, and Imperialism, President Butler has not only retained his faith in democratic liberty but has persevered in the endeavor to make it operative in a world of shifting emphases and values. His valiant facing of "New Critics of Democracy" in the essay of that title stands comparison with Lord Morley's reaffirmations in a similar temporal context, "Liberalism and Reaction"; indeed, Dr. Butler's essay might well be considered a pendant to Morley's rigorous and searching appraisal of the Liberal faith under the searing corrosives of anti-democratic criticisms.

The critics of liberty and of democracy are impatient with the slow processes of education, accept too impetuously the swift deceits of propaganda as a substitute, and place their hopes in precipitate violence. "The critics and opponents of Liberty," Dr. Butler stalwartly asserted in *Looking Forward*, "propose to substitute for it Compulsion in some of its many forms . . . In the face of these powerful assaults, it is no longer possible to rest content while pointing with pride to past achievements . . . The appeal or self-examination for self-criticism, for self-improvement

and for reflection upon the meaning of our fundamental institutions is peremptory. We can fail to heed it only at our greatest peril." In words like these we hear the voice of the Liberal tradition: the voice that was Burke's, Mill's, Matthew Arnold's, and John Morley's.

IN a democratic society like the American, the University is destined to play an even more important rôle than it has in the past. Under the pressures of contemporary divergent philosophies, the conception of the function of the University in America is expanding and rapidly deepening. Dr. Butler was among the first to recognize the imperative duty of the University to the political life of the times. With its complex and heterogeneous company of scholars, scientists, artists, philosophers, and critics living under communal obligations and ideals, the University is becoming the articulate integrator of democratic intelligence: the process of becoming that is not yet complete on a large scale throughout the American democracy because confusions prevail concerning what a University is or should be. Yet there are not wanting signs to indicate that universities are becoming conscious—as Columbia has been conscious under the administration of Dr. Butler—of their possibilities and powers as ganglia in the American scheme. Robustly and clearly, Dr. Butler has formulated this conception: "The university," he has said, "is by its nature free and must always be free. It can neither acknowledge nor submit to any master, whether one of economic interest, of political tendency, or of religious faith. In order to be truly free, the university must be tolerant. It must be able to find a place for every sort and kind of conviction which is completely and intelligently arrived at and which is honestly and sincerely held, in order that the fittest of these convictions may survive through free competition in the fields of intellectual inquiry and tested human experience."

As if to illustrate the practical working out of this conception, he has created in New York City a free and creative society of scholars, scientists, philosophers, artists, and engineers whose qualifications for election were their competency in sound scholarship and love of learning, and their quick alertness to discern the

march of events with their flankings of fact and opinion which are so rapidly remaking the modern world. Though President Butler has not presumed to formulate the corporate mind of this society, by his laudable spiritual and intellectual teachableness he has learned much from his contacts with his colleagues. In the austere but free theatre of learning he has not only amplified his mind but he has given shape and direction to a living tradition. This living tradition is bravely expressed in his *Looking Forward*, the main theme of which has an extraordinary correspondence in temper, in tolerance, in sagacity with Matthew Arnold's little-read essay, "The Future of Liberalism". Like the latter, it is directed towards the re-formulation of the Liberal Tradition which was epitomized by Arnold: ". . . of man in society, the capital need is, that the whole body of society should come to life with a life worthy to be called *human*, and corresponding to man's true aspirations and powers. This, the humanization of man in society, is civilization. The aim for all of us is to promote it, and to promote it is above all the aim of the true politician."

by Merrill Moore

THE ORACLES REPEATEDLY DECLARED

After a dynasty that stretched from Zö
To Kū, during which time Phoenix was quite young,
The oracles declared in an antique tongue:
We knew all along it was, and: We told you so!

by F. Campbell Gray

MILTON'S COUNTERPOINT

CLASSICISM AND ROMANTICISM IN THE POETRY OF JOHN MILTON

IN these times, when chaos in poetry is predominant and cosmos is almost unknown, when Robert Bridges' *Testament of Beauty* is the one shining achievement in the poetical world of this century, and true greatness has deserted our temples, it is well for us to turn back a few centuries to a poet like Milton. At the beginning of the Romantic Movement of the last century Wordsworth could look back to him, as did others who were weary of the stifling effects of eighteenth century Neo-Classicism. Perhaps today, when this same Romanticism is running its course into absurdity, it may be again possible, by returning to a consideration of John Milton, to discover in some measure, by implication at least, what is lacking in the poetry of our own age.

Chaos and cosmos; romanticism and classicism; disorder and order; subjectivity and objectivity; protestantism, yes puritanism, and catholicism:—what do we mean by them? Perhaps these conflicts may be all summed up in the idea according to self or according to the not-self, the whole. In Milton the conflict between these two forces is seen to be like complementary themes in a musical composition, checking and counterchecking throughout his poetry. Could we reduce to one sentence the power of his poetical genius and his ability to make himself last throughout the centuries until today, and continue to be interesting, even for us, could we do this, we would probably find the secret resting in his masterful achievement in using the best from the romantic and the best from the classical; making the two, contrapuntally, enhance rather than obstruct the beauty of the whole.

Milton had been steeped in music and in Greek thought, so that both the healthy love of the sensuous and also that of order and form were well developed in him. Over against these influences we may set his familiar knowledge of the Bible as well as his ac-

quaintance with the Luthers, Calvins, and Bucers, and other heroes of the Protestant Movement. Add to this the Platonism of Cambridge and that of Spenser, who influenced him more than any of his immediate predecessors in the art of poetry. Some light, then, begins to be thrown on the divergent streams of thought which influenced Milton, on the romantic and classical tendencies confronting him when he determined on a literary career.

His knowledge of music is seen, of course, throughout his verse. In two of the literary exercises of his Horton days he utilizes the musical idea of complementary themes, and these two poems, *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, with their checking and counterchecking, section for section, characterize the balance he was able to maintain throughout his later poetry. Ideas expressing love for the sensuous and worldly beautiful in *L'Allegro* play against counter-ideas in *Il Penseroso* which suggest a devotion to contemplative life and to the spiritual. Together the two poems seem to say, "My thought will be pensive, but my verse must be gay." One cannot be a musician and a puritan, naturally, as music is by its very nature a blending of the sensuous and the spiritual or mental; and the puritan has a very special abhorrence for that which is sensuous. So, in the form and rich tonal effects of his poetry we see nothing of the puritan in Milton. Throughout, it is as though we were listening to him playing at a mighty organ, pulling various stops with telling effect to add tone to his chords, stops from the aerial flute to the full sonorous diapason. Corresponding to this pagan love of beauty is a love of form and order prerequisite to it; but the romanticist, the individualist, crops out continually in the thought contained within these forms.

Of course, to say that his form is for the most part classical does not mean that Milton derived it exclusively from Roman or Greek sources, but rather that he followed established precedent, choosing from the best that was thought and written before him. In his sonnet construction he follows the Petrarchan metrical form which, of all the romantic inventions, most closely approaches the classical. Nor does he find the sonnet too confining for English usage, as had some of his predecessors. The sonnet is meant to produce in fourteen lines a certain melodic effect in the ebb and flow of one single wave of emotion, out in the octave and back in

the sestet, thus requiring a definite break between the two parts. This break, while the custom with Petrarch, was not used by some Italian sonneteers. The real divergence from custom which marks the individualistic in Milton's sonnets is his casting off the conventionalities and subject matter of love, opposite to that type. Use them he does in the Nightingale sonnet and in the Italian ones, written in his college days, but, with the exception of these, his sonnets are the most romantic and deeply personal of his works. In them he runs the gamut of emotion from expressions of warm and genial friendship, through praise of national heroes and events, to deep religious fervor and high idealism. Nathan Drake in *Literary Hours* says of them that they, "like those of Dante are frequently deficient in sweetness of diction and harmony of versification, yet they possess what is seldom discernible in compositions of this kind, energy and sublimity of sentiment." Again, in the verse of Wordsworth:

Scorn not the sonnet; . . .
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The thing became a trumpet; whence he blew
Soul-animating strains,—alas too few, . . .

and from Walter Savage Landor:

... Few his words, but strong,
And sounding through all ages and all climes.
He caught the sonnet from the dainty hand
Of love, who cried to lose it; and he gave
The notes of Glory ...

The *Comus* is the last of its type in English Literature. Introduced from Italy in the time of Henry VIII as a courtly entertainment, it had grown in popularity at court and in elaborateness, reaching its height in the extravagant compositions of Ben Jonson for the amusement of James I and his pleasure-loving adherents. Heretofore, the emphasis had ever been on the spectacular and orchestral possibilities of the masque; music and the dance being the all important, and in the time of James I, the spectacle. In Milton's hands the literary aspect becomes the important feature; and the moral element, previously present only as a necessary convention, now becomes pertinent with a fervor

and on a plane of high seriousness hitherto unknown to the English masque: the romanticist in Milton refusing to allow him to remain on a purely conventional plane, and the puritan element of his character crying for a chance at preaching. *Comus* thus becomes a triumph in the creative fusion of Hellenism and Hebraism. The mythological source for *Comus* is the Circe story of the tenth book of the *Odyssey*. Ponticus' *Allegoriae* and the Circe-like Acrasia of Spenser's *Faerie Queene* give him aids to the allegory. The character *Comus* goes back through Ben Jonson's *Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue* and *Comus* of Putaneous to its ultimate source in a Greek word meaning revel. Fictional derivatives are attributive to plays of Peele, Fletcher, and the poems of Spenser in the preceding generation. Dr. J. H. Hanford in *A Milton Handbook* sees the major importance of this work, other than its sheer poetical beauty, in the "quality of logical exactness and a condensation which are the fruit of Milton's classical self-discipline."

Moving on to *Lycidas*, let us turn to a remark of William Hazlitt:—"I cannot agree to the charge which Dr. Johnson has brought against it of pedantry and want of feeling. It is the first emanation of classical sentiment in a youthful scholar . . . We are transported to classical ground, and a mysterious strain steals responsive on the ear, while we listen to the poet

'With eager thought, warbling his Doric lay.'

Mark Pattison goes so far as to say that *Lycidas* is the highwater mark of English poesy. But regardless of divergence of opinion as to its classical and romantic merits or demerits, it is for our purposes one of the best examples of those two elements striving within him, each anxious for the mastery, neither ever completely gaining it. The *Lycidas* is classical in form, being a pastoral elegy in which are used conventions having their ultimate origins in the second *Idyl* of Theocritus and later found in Moschus' *Elegy on Bion*, in Bion's *Lament for Adonis*, and in the fifth and tenth eclogues of Virgil's *Bucolics*. Some of these conventions are nature's mourning for the shepherd's death, the procession of mourners, and the joyous realization that the mourned is not dead, but immortal. These conventions form an excellent vehicle for the poet's own romantic sentiments. The principal reason for his

writing *Lycidas*, for instance, is similar to that of Shelley in writing *Adonais*. Milton is taking account of what the death of so young a poet means to him personally. To what point is poetic endeavor, if subject to such disaster? comes the self-imposed question as he reflects on young King, cut off in youth by sudden death. The answer constitutes the poet's first great confession of religious faith, and of belief in immortality. The puritanic element, a parallel to the romantic, finds expression under form of ecclesiastical allegory, derived from the *Shepherd's Calendar* and a tirade of Dante in the *Paradiso*. During this condemnation of the "corruption in the high places" occurs the famous line

The hungry sheep look up and are not fed.

A stern undercurrent of concern at an impending crisis which, as Milton felt, was to arise from just that lack of pastoral care adds a special note of gravity to the convention expressing, as Stopford Brooke would have it, "the sense of the Christian religion pervading the classical imagery." In the verse construction of *Lycidas* Milton's metrics combine regularity and freedom, and the rhyme-scheme varies, better to allow the music of his verse to suit the thought contained in the words.

Throughout earlier works he had given evidence of ruminating on the idea of creating a great English national epic comparable to Rome's *Aeneid* or Greece's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Further intimation of this idea is found in *Lycidas*. First, he complains that the occasion of King's death has drawn him out to write before his time, and he ends the elegy with the suggestive line

Tomorrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

From the evidence in *Mansus* and *Epitaphium Damonis* (1639-'40, two and three years after *Lycidas*) the first definite choice of a topic for this epic is "Arthur, who carried war even into fairyland". In 1638 Milton journeyed to Italy, returning in the following year. Soon after his return he set down a list of ninety-nine possible subjects, and of these, as stated above, he seemed for a time to have been most taken with the Arthurian theme. Nor was he determined originally on selecting the epic form; some of his drafts are drawn up in the dramatic form. After many draftings, however, covering a period of years, the poem was definitely be-

gun about 1658 when his long political career of fifteen-odd years had virtually terminated. His many draftings had brought him to the epic form and to the subject, the fall of man.

The very essence of epic poetry is classical, being objective, in praise of heroic events or characters, and having an heritage which goes back through Spenser, Dante, Virgil, to the venerable name of Homer. What form could have a more imposing catalogue of practitioners? Addison examines *Paradise Lost* by Aristotle's "rules" to see if it be worthy of the title, epic. This examination takes in a consideration of plot, characters, sentiments, and language. Addison points out first how to "preserve the unity of action", both Homer and Virgil hasten into "the midst of things", and then tell by related action such previous happenings as may be necessary to the reader. "Milton, in imitation of these two great poets", says Addison, "opens his *Paradise Lost* with an infernal council plotting the fall of man, which is the action he proposed to celebrate." Addison feels that Milton, even more than his two classical masters, has refrained from adding extraneous episodes which might mar the singleness of action. "We see it contrived in hell, executed on earth, and punished by Heaven." In regard to the requirement of greatness necessary, "Milton's subject was still greater than either of the former; it does not determine the fate of single persons [as was the case with the *Odyssey*] or nations [as with Virgil's *Aeneid*], but of a whole species." With Adam, progenitor of our race, as the hero, and with the Deity and angels as characters, the loftiness of that point is assured; the sublimity of sentiment and language speak for themselves.

Milton's fame in *Paradise Lost* has already been too sufficiently heralded to necessitate further example. His conscious effort to imitate the classical epic form may be seen first in his explanation in the printer's note as to why the poem does not rhyme.

The measure is English Heroic Verse without Rime, as that of Homer in Greek and Virgil in Latin; Rime being no necessary Adjunct or true Ornament of Poem or good Verse, in longer Works especially, but the Invention of a barbarous Age, to set off wretched matter and lame Meter . . . This neglect, then, of Rime so little is to be taken for a defect . . . that it rather is to be esteemed example set, the first in

English, of Ancient Liberty recovered to Heroic Poem from the troublesome and modern bondage of Rimeing.

Following the practice of Homer and Virgil, writers of epics, the poet begins with a statement of his theme:—

Of man's first disobedience and the Fruit
Of that Forbidden Tree, whose mortal taste
Brought Death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden . . .

Next, after classical custom, he addresses an invocation to the "Heavenly Muse", to him the Divine Inspiration which gave to Moses the religious truths. According to Christian interpretation this is the Holy Ghost; so, for Milton the ancient usage takes on a new meaning, the invocation becoming in his hands a prayer. The conscious effort to imitate the ancients continues. He asks,

What cause moved our Grand Parents . . .
 . . . to fall off from their Creator?

Then the answer, "The infernal Serpent", gives rise to the first action of the poem, as Satan is

Hurled headlong flaming from the Ethereal Skie.

According to the rules for epic poetry as already stated, all the characters must be of heroic proportion. The epic grandeur of Satan, then, is so built up that by the end of the second book he, not Adam, appears to be the hero. Milton tries by many means to decrease this superficial grandeur and apparent courage to normal proportions. When the giant-like devils entered the castle Pandaemonium the throng was so thick that it was necessary for them to be changed in size to that of dwarves, better to fit in the council chamber; Satan's body is metamorphosed at times into that of various animals; his facial aspect becomes marred through the sinful acts of his soul; by these and other references to physical qualities Milton attempted to detract from the over-heroic emotional effect of Satan on the reader. But, with the apparent bravery of Lucifer so brilliantly exhibited with the contrastingly weak exposition of the Deity and the inevitable frailty of man, Lucifer remains to the end the greatest character. Nevertheless, while the classical effect is weakened through this flaw, it does find strength in many devices of composition directly adopted from the ancients.

Among these is a continued use of the Homeric simile: long catalogues of ships, flowers, cities, and similar references abound, painting pictures through the piling up of names. Milton's classical ability for brilliant satire on prominent persons is evident in the portrayal of the infernal council in the second book: he undoubtedly has some of his Commonwealth contemporaries in mind at this point. The recreation of the devils following the assembly is reminiscent of the heroes of the *Aeneid* when they were on the west coast of Sicily. To the Ovid-like metamorphoses of Satan, attention has previously been called. Other classical imitations occur, such as the portent of the scales, taken from the *Iliad* and affording an excellent conclusion to the fourth book; but these examples cited suffice to show the presence of this force within the *Paradise Lost*.

The triumph of Milton's romantic imagination comes to view first in the utterly chaotic encounter of Satan with Sin and Death, the grotesque nature of the entire scene, and its loathsomeness, removing for the first time the shell of brilliance from, to reveal the true nature of, the ugliness of sin. Romantic, as well, is the invocation to light at the beginning of the third book, for the lyric cry is felt as the poet refers to his own physical blindness, contrasting it to the "Coernal Beam". From this point he launches into a description of a moral paradise followed by theological discussion in which his poetic imagination is at a low ebb, substantiating what has been said; that, for real poetic beauty, it was necessary for Milton to subordinate his puritanism to the paganistic. Again he interposes his own personal feeling at the commencement of the seventh book to express his disapprobation of Caroline debauchery—when, during his invocation to Urania, he requests her to

Drive far off . . .
. . . Bacchus and his revellers.

In his last—and in the mind of the present writer, greatest—poetical work John Milton again chooses his subject matter from the most romantic race and his form from the most classical race in history, using the Greek dramatic form for the anatomy of his *Samson Agonistes*. As in the *Paradise Lost*, he again consciously imitates specific devices of the ancients, this time of the three

classic Greek tragedians, in a manner which heightens the Hellenic color of the work. Conforming to his pattern the chorus is employed as reflector of what the reader or spectator is supposed to be thinking, commenting on the dramatic action and forecasting the inevitable conclusion. Samson becomes reminiscent of Oedipus at Colonus, blind, submissive to his penalty, accepting it as what has been willed by Heaven. The catastrophe is brought about by reported, rather than by exhibited, action. Among other minor devices appropriated from Greek tragedy is stichomythia.

The author claims ancient order for his tragedy. This claim involves our returning to Aristotle's *Poetics* for a comparison of Milton's tragedy with Aristotle's rules. The latter's definition of tragedy is "the imitation of an action that is serious, complete in itself, and of a certain magnitude." Even upon a superficial reading of *Samson Agonistes* one cannot deny its seriousness; and the very fact that the source for the story lies in the Bible, the greatest literary masterpiece of all time, insures it of magnitude, a magnitude further heightened by the grand style of Milton. The requirement of completeness will be dwelt upon at greater length a bit later, but since the Bible has already been mentioned it is well to state at this point the play's conformity with another of the rules, that of universal appeal, further insured, as well, in that most widely read Book. Milton has followed the unity of time and that of place, the play having but one setting, and, as he tells us in the preface, "the circumspection of time wherein the whole drama begins and ends is according to ancient rule and best example within the space of twenty-four hours". There may be some question as to whether the unity of action has been followed, for Milton's powerful verse and intense characterization often impede the swiftness of action toward the necessary and inevitable conclusion. Here we must recall his romantic imagination and love for a thorough development of the characters he presented, remembering how it caused him to emphasize the character of Satan beyond its proper proportions.

Aristotle's summary of tragic practice also states the constituent parts in regard to quantity to be Prologue, Episode, and Exode, plus a choral part distinguished into Parode and Stasimon. A brief review of the construction of *Samson Agonistes* will show how

beautifully Milton follows these divisions. Analysis of the drama shows the prologue in lines 1 to 114, in which the hero laments his lost condition. Follows the parody, or entry-ode of the chorus (115-175), in which is sung the prowess of Samson in former days, his present state bemoaned, and the antecedent events discovered. From this point to line 292 occurs the first episode with Samson telling the chorus how evil women brought about his downfall. In the first stasimon (293-331), then, the chorus reflect on the guilt of "that fallacious bride, unclean, unchaste". That all this disaster has been caused by her and other women is too much for them; dissatisfied and bewildered, they despair attempting to reason it out. Here the chorus mirrors the spectators' thoughts. With the advent of Manoah, the father of the hero, the second episode begins (332). Manoah doubts the justice of God in assigning such penalties to Samson, but his son manfully takes the whole burden of punishment upon himself, saying that he deserved everything given him for his disobedience. After more conversation between the two, the father leaves to make an attempt to buy his son's freedom. Stasimon Two, following the third episode, begins with the coming of Dalila (732) who begs forgiveness and a chance to show how she can expiate for the crime she has committed. Her former lover is implacable. Stasimon Three is again reflective, and Episode Four carries us into an account of the tauntings of Harapha, Samson's particular enemy, followed in turn by the Fourth Stasis, in part reflective and in part a foreboding what is to come. This marks the end of the complication, or Desis, and the long exode which follows constitutes the Lusis, or denouement. Samson, in this last episode, after much urging on the part of the Philistine officer, finally consents to go with him to show his ability and strength in order to amuse the conquerors. We never know whether he has made any plan or not, but that action allows the poet to follow the classical custom of having the catastrophe occur offstage and be reported.

The question has already been raised whether or not the unity of action has been kept. Dr. Johnson's comment on the *Samson* was that it had a beginning and a middle, but no end; for the various visits become merely episodic, having no bearing on the plot, its complication and climax. If we look at the drama through

Professor Hanford's eyes, however, it is chiefly concerned with the fallen Samson's recovery of God's favor, each episode is one more step toward complete expiation. Samson regains his sense of values along with his physical power. This interpretation also answers the question raised previously as to its completeness, for "God . . . is with him . . . favoring and assisting to the end". Furthermore, this satisfies Aristotle's condition that the most important part of the play is the combination of the incidents of the story, since tragedy is an imitation, not of persons, but of the action of life in which characters are to be included only for the sake of the action. In the introduction Milton expresses his intention of aiming at a *catharsis* of the emotions of pity and fear, but because there are two acts of *hybris* present there may be some doubt as to the accomplishment of this aim. May we not easily conceive of the plot as tending to bring out the pride of the Philistines, their error in judgment, and subsequent punishment by God at the hands of Samson? They have worshipped other Gods than Jahveh, have humiliated the chosen of God in many ways, and finally crowned the whole by bringing the hero before them at their feasting "to make sport", the power, corresponding to the Greek Ate, with one fell stroke brings down crashing ruin upon them. In the event of such an interpretation a *catharsis* of the twin emotions produced by true tragedy is lost, and it is, therefore, fairly certain Milton could not have meant us to take this interpretation. The more natural act of *hybris* to follow is that of Samson in allowing a woman to wrest from him the secret of his God-given power. We have a sympathetic pity for him, and to follow Aristotle further, these misfortunes do seem undeserved as occasioned by an error in judgment. A *catharsis* of the emotion of fear presents itself as well. For we are all prone to the seduction of women and may be led as easily to evil deed and error of judgment by them as to the heights unimaginable. That Milton had a right to place the act of *hybris* before the opening of the play is borne out by many cases of similar usage in classical drama, notably that of Sophocles in what Aristotle considered the perfect tragedy, *Oedipus Tyrannus*.

The principal reason for tragedy, as the author of the *Poetics* conceived it, is to teach. Milton teaches by means of all the characteristic methods used by the dramatic triumvirate. First, ac-

cording to the Euripidean form, he attempts to preach deliberately through the various speeches of the characters and through the chorus, rather than by laying the situation directly before us, or by deliberately playing upon the emotions. In the end he gives Euripides the answer that that dramatist sought in life and could not find. The third of the great tragedians saw all falling in decay around him, yet would not admit that all was wrong. There must be some explanation. What was it? The answer is found in Manoah's last speech:—

And which is best and happiest yet, all this
With God not parted from him, as was feared,
But favoring and assisting to the end.

Milton also bears out the essential teaching of Aeschylus, which is *Pathei mathos*, or *through suffering comes wisdom*. Samson suffers without bounds: his loss of sight and strength, his being used by his deadly enemies as an animal, a beast of burden, his being called up before them for their amusement at feasting, and to suffer their ridicule. Through all this suffering he gained wisdom, and with wisdom came the return of his bodily strength. But in the end Milton is closest to the perfect tragedian, Sophocles, and rightly so. Edith Hamilton says in *The Greek Way*, "Both [Sophocles and Milton] passed through a time of exultant hope, both saw the things they cared for die, and died at the last seeing their respective countries, as they both thought, on the road to ruin." Both were perfect stylists, in comparison with whom all others leave something to be desired.

In his last and greatest work, then, in his swan song, Milton has virtually subordinated the self, or romantic, element and become almost completely the classicist. He has taken a romantic theme and subdued it under Sophoclean excellence of form. He has not been made slave by following "ancient rule and best example", as have so many others. He rather finds rules his servants, the steeds whose reins are well in his hands guided through the excellent knowledge of that art which conceals art, using them to arrive at the perfection of the whole. In *Samson Agonistes* he is simple, direct, and perfectly lucid; and, at the end of this last work Milton produces the most completely classical, and perhaps the greatest, single line he ever wrote:—

And calm of mind, all passion spent.

by Walter A. Dyer

GARMAN OF AMHERST

A man of mystery—I think I am not guilty of overstatement when I call Charles Edward Garman just that. He was mysterious to those of us who sat daily in his classroom, listening to his strangely resonant voice, watching his hypnotic eyes. His private life was largely a secret to us. There was something of the mystic about him, something of the prophet and seer.

And since his death in 1907 the years have only served to increase the mystery. The reactionary and the iconoclastic and the envious have questioned his power and a sort of controversy has arisen over him. Was he not overrated by the more impressionable of his students? What is the truth about him, anyway? And so stories have become current about him, some authentic and some apocryphal, until he has become a sort of legendary figure, almost a myth, in Amherst College tradition.

One of these stories concerns a visit paid to Amherst by William James. One evening, at the home of President Seelye, after Garman and his wife had left, James is said to have settled back in his chair with an air of finality, saying, "That man is the greatest teacher in the United States today."

"The greatest teacher of philosophy?" he was asked.

"No, no," said James, "the greatest *teacher*."

Garman created no school of philosophic thought, contributed nothing to the literature of philosophy. He left virtually no published record of his work. He rarely spoke in public. His few sermons were conventional. His colleagues never heard him lecture on philosophical subjects. Educators of national repute knew him only by hearsay. He welcomed no visitors to his classroom. No one, except his own students, had any way of knowing what or how he taught, and he discouraged discussion outside of class. His only witnesses, indeed, were immature youths; it is only

natural that their testimony, after all these years, should occasionally disagree.

And yet there are few, I believe, who will deny that Garman was the greatest teacher Amherst College ever had, and that he exerted an influence over his pupils that has had few parallels in the modern world. He was a sort of American Erasmus. At the time of his death it was said that "no educational force in his generation was more widely felt and less known to fame."

There is something unexplained and perhaps inexplicable about all that. There was mystery, too, about the living man, with his curious fear of microbes and draughts, his social shyness, his large but frail body, his intellectual and spiritual fire. One of his former students (I think it was the late Rev. Howard A. Bridgman) spoke of "that straight, tall figure clad in ministerial black, and that dark, smooth-shaven face whose lustrous eyes looked straight at men and sometimes straight through them." It almost seemed to the more devoted of his disciples as if the divine spark within him had been fanned to such a heat that, in his later years, it was burning him up. He lived and died, indeed, for a vision, and the ecstasy of it was in those eyes.

Garman's life was remarkable because of its effects, and perhaps because of a certain sense of continuity which it produces, rather than for any dramatic or colorful incidents. It was a life of productive devotion rather than of conflicts. The chronological details may be set forth in briefest outline. The important thing is appraisal and interpretation.

He came of a New England line. His grandfather, Joseph Garman, was a Revolutionary soldier. His father, John Harper Garman, was a clergyman, born in 1811 in Laconia, N. H., and graduated from Andover Theological Seminary in 1845. After holding several pastorates in Maine, he moved with his family in 1866 to North Orange, Mass., where he preached until about the age of seventy and where he continued to live until his death at the age of ninety-three.

Charles was born December 18, 1850, in Limington, Me., and grew up in a devoutly religious household. His remarkable knowledge of the Bible and his appreciation of its imagery and phraseology were due largely to this childhood environment. He pre-

pared for college at the high school in Athol, Mass., walking the three miles each way and doing the chores at home, night and morning. He entered Amherst College in 1868 and was graduated with the Class of 1872.

Like many of his fellow students, Garman was obliged to earn a part of his college expenses and he worked much more than he played. He lived, in fact, a somewhat isolated and solitary existence, engaging in no sports and in no social activities. He was a conscientious and industrious student, and during his course took prizes in natural philosophy, chemistry, and anatomy and physiology. But efforts which have been made to picture him as a brilliant scholar have not been very convincing. He was, as a matter of fact, a grind and a memorizer, learning by rote rather than by understanding. His powers of memory, to be sure, were remarkable. "It was a common remark," says one classmate, Prof. John Bates Clark, "that if the editions of Hickok's works were totally destroyed, Garman could restore them without change of a word." In the early years of his college course, however, he showed small indication of those powers of ratiocination which later distinguished him. It was not until he began to study the sciences that he found himself intellectually, and not until his senior year, when he studied moral philosophy under Prof. Julius Seelye, that he began to show signs of his genius for analysis and independent thinking.

In April, 1873, he accepted a position as principal of the high school in Ware, Mass., and here he discovered his true vocation—teaching. It was a restricted field, but he was extraordinarily successful in it. He broadened the school's teaching in the natural sciences and introduced college preparation. Of the nine girls who made up the Freshman class entering Smith College in 1876, three were fitted by Garman.

In the fall of 1876 he entered the Yale Divinity School, but whether he at that time contemplated the career of a preacher, or whether he took his theological course as a preparation for the teaching of philosophy, is not clear. It is sufficient for present purposes to state that he distinguished himself at Yale as a scholar, a thinker, and a logician, standing head and shoulders, intellectually, above his fellows. His habit of memorizing stood him in

good stead here, for he absorbed at this time a vast amount of formal learning, his familiarity with which appeared so astonishing in later years.

At the time of his graduation in 1879 he was awarded the coveted Hooker Fellowship and continued his studies for another year in New Haven. Though his major subject was theology, he was constantly delving into philosophy, and during this year conducted a patient, minute examination of Herbert Spencer's "First Principles." He was formulating, too, his own system of reasoning, of seeking the ultimate truth through the impartial examination of all data.

Professor Seelye, who had now become President of Amherst College, had long had his eye on this young man, and in 1880 invited him to become Walker Instructor in Mathematics, with the understanding that a professorship in philosophy would follow. During the winter term of that year Garman offered an elective course in philosophy to Seniors, and at the end of the year he was appointed Instructor in Philosophy. Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" supplied the material for this first essay in the teaching of philosophy. In 1882 he became Associate Professor and in 1889 Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.

In the summer of 1882 Garman married Eliza N. Miner, who had been a teacher with him in the Ware High School. The home they established in Amherst became less of a social center than an extension of Garman's classroom. All through his life he worked and seldom played. And in this work Mrs. Garman was always an invaluable helpmeet.

In a life so completely devoted to the one aim of teaching, there was little room for much else. Garman seldom lectured outside the college, seldom occupied a pulpit. Most remarkable of all, he published no books and left but the scantiest written record of his work. Nevertheless his fame as a teacher spread. He was offered the presidency of three different colleges and, in 1894, the chair of Philosophy at the University of Michigan. All of these offers he refused, feeling that he could best accomplish his purpose in his classroom at Amherst.

In the autumn of 1884 he taught the course in philosophy at Smith College, during a vacancy there, and it is a remarkable

fact that in that short time he so impressed his students that at least two of them took up philosophy as a life work and now fill the chairs of philosophy and psychology in two important women's colleges—Prof. Mary Whiton Calkins at Wellesley, and Prof. Anna Cutler at Smith.¹ In later years Professor Cutler testified to "the torch of inspiration which he handed to us," and "that clear flame of enthusiastic devotion to truth and coherency of thought and statement."

As a boy and young man Garman had a strong physique and vigorous health. Through his college course and during his years at Ware his endurance seemed equal to any strain which his insatiable passion for work placed upon it. But while in New Haven he became subject to an affection of the throat and this organ was ever afterward sensitive to infection. Attacks of grippe in 1890 weakened his system and he fell a victim to chronic bronchial trouble. Students of the last decade of his career remember him as a semi-invalid, curiously weak physically and always cold, wearing an overcoat even in warm weather. At the beginning of the year 1907 he was laid low by an attack which proved to be a streptococcus infection of the pharynx. He died on February 9th, in his fifty-seventh year.

II.

So much for the formal facts of Garman's life. In themselves they are not significant. But from that man has gone out a tremendous impulse and stimulus which has made itself felt in no unnoticed degree in many walks of life. To attempt to account for this, to arrive at some sort of evaluation and understanding of the man and his work, is the important thing.

It was my privilege to study under Garman during the college year 1899-1900. Even in those days there were cynics and scoffers, boys who refused to be impressed with Garman's personality, literal-minded students who rejected the magic of Garman's mind. Among them, indeed, were some of the keenest students in the class. There were those frivolous ones, too, who discovered something comic in Garman, in his mannerisms, in his overcoats, in his fear of night air and germs. It has been said that no student could

¹Dr. Calkins died since this essay was written.—ED. NOTE.

speak lightly or disrespectfully of Garman, but I remember distinctly that he was not neglected by the undergraduate lampoons and that we often spoke of him by the incongruous name of Charlie. But I think I am safe in saying that no teacher I have ever known was held in greater reverence by the majority of the class or exerted a more profound and immediate influence on their processes of thought.

While the remarkable results obtained by Garman in his teaching were doubtless due to his whole-hearted devotion and zeal and to the subtle influence of an unusual personality, it is possible to examine to some extent his method, his materials, and his line of thought. Even in this former students will differ, their recollections being colored by their predilections. For one thing, I believe that too great an emphasis has been placed on the religious content of Garman's teaching. There is no denying that there was this element, but those who remember only that have, I fear, missed the point.

The tradition that Garman was primarily a religious teacher, however, is so persistent that the question requires examination. In these modern, free-thinking days there are those who would belittle Garman as a pedant and a dogmatist. Not long ago a student asked me if Garman was much more than an apologist for Christianity. I answered in the affirmative, and yet I was aware of the fact that there were grounds for believing that his course was in a measure a plea for religious faith. Garman was innately religious himself and possessed something of the evangelistic spirit. He could not have kept religion out of his teaching if he had tried. He himself believed implicitly in God and in an essential conception of immortality. Without this he saw no logic, no guiding force in the universe. But he required that belief should be grounded not on dogma but on reason. He was very earnest in his insistence on this. In no sense, however, did he teach a course in theology.

What he taught was far bigger and broader and more fundamental than that. It was not even the exposition of a philosophical theory or doctrine. Garman taught—and this is perhaps the most important thing I have to say about him—he taught primarily a process of thought. He taught a method of thinking

things through to their ultimate conclusion after a thorough examination of all available data, conducted along lines of psychological, philosophical, and ethical research. He taught, through philosophy, a system of reasoning applicable to any sort of problem that might arise in scholarship or in life. His classroom was a laboratory of experimental thinking. He taught what has been called a course in tests and evaluations.

Another way of putting it is this: Garman taught a course in logic—not in the formal sense, not the technique of logic, but the practical application of logical methods. In outline his system was simple—the wiping out of preconceived ideas, the search for data, the weighing of evidence, and the groping for a conclusion if such were to be found. It is not the conclusions arrived at that remain in the memory, nor yet the material of the course, but the inductive method of reasoning. That and a peculiar inspiration that must have been largely personal and magnetic.

The materials of Garman's course were broad and varied. In the curriculum it was called Mental and Moral Philosophy. He himself said that he taught Psychology, Philosophy, and Ethics. The students sometimes referred to the course as Psych., for short, but more often as "Garman", and that was, I think, the best name for it. He considered philosophy a subject to be studied not for its own sake but as a means to an end.

He used textbooks and apparatus in experimental psychology. He assigned for study extracts in pamphlet form from the great philosophers from Aristotle and Plato down to William James, and outlines of famous philosophical controversies. He presented illuminating treatments of such philosophers as Spencer, Berkeley, Hume, and Kant. He had his students read books on economics and on political and social science. In his earlier years he delved into theology and later into sociology. In a single year he seemed to explore the whole realm of human thought and knowledge, so far as the student mind was capable of taking it in. And yet it was not so much the thing studied and learned that counted as the extraordinary use he made of it. He desired original thinking, but far from encouraging facile improvisation, he required thinking to be based on knowledge.

At the risk of becoming tedious, I am inclined to attempt a

somewhat more specific outline of Garman's teaching method, for after all, his remarkable success depended in large measure on just that. Former pupils do not entirely agree as to this method, and it is altogether likely that he varied his procedure as time went on. Any memory may be faulty in such a matter, and I can only present my recollection of the one-year course as it was offered to Seniors at the beginning of this century.

As I recall it, the fall term was devoted largely to what may be called physiological psychology, based on laboratory experiments and on the works of such writers as James, Carpenter, and Royce. We discovered that nine-tenths of life is habit, heredity, brain paths, association of ideas, instinct (inherited habit), etc. This study appeared to prove that practically all thought is a function of a physical and wholly destructible brain. This, it will be noted, is more or less the doctrine of the materialists and mechanists, and also of the modern behaviorists, who have supplemented brain functions with nerve stimuli and the functions of the glands.

These tentative conclusions, it will readily be seen, could scarcely fail to produce an upsetting effect on the preconceived ideas of a boy brought up in a conservative and conventional religious atmosphere. It left his conception of his immortal soul tottering. It is interesting to recall that fundamentalists of that day were much concerned by what they heard of Garman's liberalism, his apparent teaching of agnostic ideas. On more than one occasion he is said to have been the subject of earnest prayer at the Union Theological Seminary. In some quarters he was considered a dangerous and anti-religious man. Nothing could have been farther from the truth.

For Garman did not leave the matter there; he had merely cleared the way for progressive thinking. We had not yet gathered all the evidence. During the winter term there was a further examination of data and the discovery of certain human attributes that could not be traced to any proved functions of the physical brain—the power to reason and to weigh evidence, the will, the power of choice, the creative imagination, the ideals, aesthetic appreciation, the moral and ethical sense, and the deeper sentiments such as loyalty, altruism, kindness, and love in its higher forms. This led us into metaphysics and transcendental-

ism, and we began to examine the works of the more profound and significant philosophers, like Kant. We discussed Carlyle's blessedness and Spencer's happiness as ends of life. There was, it appeared, a spiritual as well as a physical realm, but what was its nature? Whither were we bound? What guidance had we?

Spring term was largely devoted to a consideration of these questions and an attempt to apply and consolidate such conclusions as seemed to be indicated. We discussed from all angles such difficult subjects as abstract justice and righteousness, that is, conformity with the laws of the universe—divine law, if you will; traditional morality, altruism, and self-determination and self-realization through a recognition of fundamental truths. And these discussions were accompanied by a great wealth of illustration, in my day largely sociological in character.

If anything approaching a final conclusion was reached, it was that the end of living was self-realization, but with the attachment of Garman's famous formula of A and B, which brought up the whole subject of human and divine relationships and responsibilities. It is difficult to give this formula its full significance without the background of the entire course and the subsequent elucidatory discussions of business morality, punishment, charity, and atonement. The following form given to it by Prof. James H. Tufts is probably as accurate as any:

It is a general law of all mental life that consciousness of self is possibly only through consciousness of objects. A similar law holds in moral life and the social order. We may state this in the formula, A determines himself never directly, but always through B; i.e., a man determines his character and personality by the attitude and relations he assumes toward his world of nature and persons.

In other words, though self-realization is the ultimate end of living, it is conditioned by one's entire environment.

Thus the student was led through a fog of doubt and misunderstanding, through a confusion of theories and ideas, out at last upon a sort of plateau of clear thinking. What he decided about it all at the end mattered less than his acquired ability to think things through, to weigh evidence, to slough off prejudice. Nevertheless Garman was undoubtedly concerned at times by a

student's personal attitudes and beliefs. Particularly he did not wish him to be carried away by the materialistic logic of the first term.

In this connection a story is told which is very likely apocryphal, but which illustrates Garman's attitude toward his students and toward the thing he was trying to teach. One of his students whose religious ideas had been much upset by the studies of the fall term found himself unable to return to college. He wrote to Garman, explaining the situation and setting forth in some detail the troubled condition of his mind. Rather than leave the youth with this partial understanding of the course, to fight his mental and spiritual battle alone, Garman is said to have gone to him and to have spent the entire vacation period in an effort to explain the real significance of what he had learned and to straighten him out intellectually. If not precisely true, this anecdote is at least characteristic.

In his classroom Garman made use of books, apparatus, and the lecture system, but his methods were largely Socratic. He was a genius at propounding challenging questions and statements which never failed to arouse immediate objections and disagreements and to promote discussion. Garman could be dogmatic with this end in view. He was capable of making a false statement seem convincing, as a means to an end. This was extraordinarily stimulating; you never felt quite sure whether to accept what was said or not; you had to think. And Garman was forever watchful, forever guiding the class not to definite conclusions but to the extent of insisting on their discovering and weighing all the evidence.

Most memorable of all the materials of the course, perhaps, were the famous pamphlets which Garman prepared and supplied at his own expense, printing many of them himself on a hand press. These were carefully distributed and scrupulously returned; no former pupil possesses any of them, though many have since been found in Garman's house. There was something secret and mysterious about these pamphlets. Some were carefully chosen extracts from the philosophers; some were lecture syllabi; some were in the form of an outline presentation of questions for discussion, framed like problems in geometry. They

made possible an introduction to many writers whose complete works it would have been impossible to study in the single year. Often they were fragmentary. They always had the effect of compelling the student to consider their significance, for he could not turn to the next chapter in a book to find the answer. By means of these pamphlets Garman was accustomed to hurl at his class some half truth, or one side of a famous controversy, or a partial statement, to see what the boys would do with it. And guessing and muddling through, they soon discovered, didn't go.

Garman's illustrations were famous and wide in scope. He drew from sociology, economics, business, politics, literature, domestic relations, and law, as well as from religion and philosophy. In making his academic points he dealt with living issues. He displayed a positive genius for apt illustration and example. And the illustrations themselves had a broadly educating effect. A large part of the value of the course was the imparting of general knowledge as well as the stimulation of thinking.

One of Garman's illustrative anecdotes was so characteristic and succinct that some of us learned it verbatim and were accustomed to recite it in unison on frivolous occasions. It was first presented, I believe, in connection with a discussion of the doctrine of the atonement or vicarious punishment. It ran as follows:

"In a shire town in England a man was sentenced for stealing sheep, and the judge said, 'I convict you not for stealing sheep, but that sheep may not be stolen in the future.' Then the culprit arose in open court and said, 'What is that to me?' And sure enough," concluded Garman, leaning over his desk and fixing us with his piercing gaze, "what was it to him?"

It is impossible to describe the impressive manner in which Garman presented his illustrations, or their effectiveness in driving home his point. It was largely in the way he did it. I shall never forget the day he recited Tennyson's "Flower in the crannied wall." It was like listening to the voice of an oracle.

I have said that Garman left no written record of his work, and that is true so far as his intentions were concerned, but in 1911 a memorial volume was prepared and published by Mrs. Garman and a committee of the Class of 1884, in which appear a number

of Garman's letters and pamphlets and addresses. To one who knew Garman, there is much in this volume that is vastly illuminating, but to others it must appear fragmentary, confusing, and even incoherent. Valuable as it is, it fails to do justice to the man and his work.

Garman's attitude toward his students was peculiar, as was their reaction to it. To many of them he remained ever remote, even mystical. He was not a mixer in any sense of the term; he was not companionable. And yet he unquestionably felt a deep and anxious interest in each student as an individual. He was working on each individual mind all the time. He was never too busy or tired to talk with one who was perplexed.

In various ways he impressed the intellectual, the religious, the shy, the skeptical, the frivolous. I believe his influence was always greater with the rank and file than with the few intellectuals. He was patient and sympathetic with the diffident, and he was willing to work with the light-minded until he had inculcated in them a sense of responsibility. He contrived to make philosophy a matter of vital importance to the average young man.

He was never fooled by flippant questions propounded by members of the class for the purpose of taking up time and covering unpreparedness. Sometimes he ignored them. Sometimes he reduced them quickly to absurdity. Sometimes he made use of them in a way that sobered and astonished his questioners. On one such occasion he sat silent for a moment, gazing with sorrowful eye at one of the class jokers. Then he said, very quietly, "This is a class in moral philosophy, Mr. Jones." The offence was not repeated.

I remember very well the day when one of my classmates, in waggish mood, raised the seemingly irrelevant question whether hat makers set the styles or whether they made hats to conform with the changing demands of fashion. There were other things on the docket for that hour, but Garman laid them all aside and plied this youth with questions about hats and fashions so searching that he was perforce obliged to think. The entire hour was given up to that discussion, and so far as that one young man was concerned, it was the most effective hour Garman ever put in.

In later years philosophers have arisen who have made a great

point of liberalism and open-mindedness, and war has been waged on dogma, but I am inclined to think that the seemingly dogmatic Garman was not a step behind them. They have talked much of "questioning the verities," but that is only another expression for "weighing the evidence." They have counseled their students to "accept no dogma without examination, for it may be wrong." Garman, I think, would subscribe to that, but he would go farther and add, "Reject no dogma without examination, for it may be right." There is a world of steadyng philosophy in that, if you stop to think of it.

Reading Garman's rescued pamphlets on such subjects as "Pleasure and Righteousness," "Expediency as a Working Principle," "Will and Sentiment," and "The Twentieth Century," in spite of their lack of continuity, one is impressed with Garman's devotion to that ideal of service which has influenced more Amherst graduates for good, I believe, than any other product of their education. It has become an ineradicable part of the Amherst tradition.

His ideal of the teacher's responsibility and opportunity was lofty and can perhaps best be expressed in his own words. "The moral excellence, the personal loveliness of the pupil is the true crown of glory to a teacher. As well instruct a brute as a child, if the beauty of manhood or womanhood does not unfold, if no ambition, no aspiration after a noble life is awakened, if there are no bright dreams of the future. It has long been known that certain plastic substances brought in contact with mother-of-pearl and allowed time to harden will take on its own variegated splendor. To impress oneself thus on an immortal being—an impression time can never efface—may well excite the envy of angels in Heaven. It is immortality."

I am convinced that Charles E. Garman was, in a curiously quiet and relatively obscure fashion, a truly great man and a genius. He possessed a passion for intellectual truth, combined with a rare talent for communicating a sense of its importance. He possessed dignity with the grace of humor and the salt of speech. He possessed a conception of philosophy as a spiritual force and a conviction that ultimate reality was spiritual. He was, withal, an adept practitioner with young minds. He could awaken and stir them. He was skillful in promoting the belief

that a clear and satisfactory conclusion always waits on persistent thinking, leaving his students not with an air-tight conclusion but with a certain conviction that they had acquired a method by which conclusions could always be found. In this, I think, lay the great secret of his teaching.

"He left his students," said the late Dr. Arthur H. Pierce, "not so much a doctrine as that rarer and more precious gift, a philosophic temper, with its ever present spirit of inquiry and its love for philosophy as the path of truth."

His aim, he said, was to develop not disciples but apostles.

It would be possible, doubtless, to analyze scientifically Garman's methods of teaching, to reduce them to a working formula, and to arrive at a more accurate appraisal of the work he did, but such analysis would surely fail to explain his extraordinary influence in many noteworthy individual cases. It was a matter of personality, and such a personality as his was and must always remain a mystery.

by Leonard Brown

THE LAST ANGELS

Our angels have become, and rest in stone.
They stand, sit, lie, kneel, crouch; nor speak, nor cry,
Nor lift their granite wings after the quarry
That through the infinite heaven leaps on alone.
Their swords are a roost for pigeons. O, these angels,
Last and funereal, one with the rain and thunder:
They hear no prayers, the cymbals nor the tumbrils,
They have forgotten too the smell of lilies.
Though written words still speak of the flaming dice
Their hands once threw for the Son, and the pagan flowers
They grafted to a Rose, and how when blown
It made the world a splendor beyond price—
Our desolate angels sleep on their antique towers.
And from our sepulchre rolls away no stone.

by George Marion O'Donnell

THESE FRAGMENTS

*"These fragments I have shored against
my ruins"—*

—T. S. Eliot, THE WASTE LAND.

THE EYES OF ANCIENT PORTRAITS

The graves are choked in weeds: the yellow stone
is mocked by rain and insects; and the name
dissolving in the marble is unknown
to those who walk the hillside hunting game.
Silk molders in old trunks as under ground;
ancient garments shatter at a touch;
delicate lace grows brittle, white to brown;
the old have precious memories to clutch.
The eyes of ancient portraits seem to turn
and follow after-walkers as they pass
down corridors to which shall not return
the images once mirrored in the glass.
Yet this my heritage—my brain, my lust—
is more than images of bone and dust.

MEMORIAM

My naked soles have felt the crusted mud,
and burning dust of August afternoons.
And I have smelled slaughtered hogs' blood
of past December mornings. I assume
no obstentatious memories today:
no sweetness of magnolias, or moons
that shine on heavy flowers in the way
of muslin-skirted ladies feinting swoons.
My shadow has disturbed galvanic frogs
beneath dead cypress arms, and slimy water
has passed my lips. I've knelt on rotting logs,
and walked at night the noisy negro-quarter.
All this is of my heritage: return
bespeaking countless fires that never burn.

OVERFLOW

The pregnant rain surrounded me and crept
down washed-out gashes in the reddened ground
(eyes redden with much weeping); as I slept
the rain continued. Then, awake, the sound
of water through wire-fences and the cries
of stranded animals.

We slashed with paddles
the slimy yellow water. Quilt-wrapped; eyes
rolled backward toward home; shoetongues a-dangle:
the negroes joined us, paddling.

And we set
our tents upon the mound and came to rest.
The stock were driven up and huddled, wet,
against the tentsides' muddy palimpsest.
About the sunset hour—of the third day
olfactory nerves first testified decay.

EBB OF FLOOD

A week our faces lay against the rain;
then the sun dried them and the watered blood
resumed its composition. Clever seines
brought fish to eat—the harvest of the flood.
Then I remembered horsemeat in the cave,
Grant standing against Vicksburg; and the glass
knowing his soldiers' rifle-butts . . . Harass
the mind for scraps of memory to save.
We faced the yellow desert cut with hills
of former habitation, but we laughed
at ancient sallies, wept our ancient ills.
The water leaving when a month had passed,
we walked the muddy acres, slicking seed
into the fertile land that bears the weed.

AUGUST AFTERNOON

Lazy palmettos stir the fetid air
upon the lawn where dust attacks the grass
and greys the leaves of flowers; and we stare
across the rising heat-waves as men pass,
terrific in their slowness, dragging sacks.
We speak few words together, having said
enough to know our kinship; we relax
against the faded canvas, and the dead
air hangs against our faces as a web
we cannot brush away. Trees prop their leaf-
blanket; overhead a pecking neb
denies the compensation born of grief:
fragments of matter seeking to outrun
the apodictic menace of the sun.

LYNCHING AT NIGHT

The burning carcass lit the faces, red
and tortured into hatred, fiery eyes
above the mudstained clothes The rolling head
cried once against the hebdomadal lies
of peace and rest; then silence. And I saw
an aged woman crawling through the grove
on hands and knees—callous after raw
and bleeding flesh—collecting, for her stove
no doubt, the fallen limbs. I recognized
the garments, but the face was bare of flesh,
a tangled web of pain epitomized
in clotted eyes set in the wrinkled mesh.
Fullcredited divine geometry
the preconception: mortal agony.

NO RENTED LODGING

I think if one should make my final bed
in alien soil, unsifted by my hands,
nor knowing loving footsteps; if I led
my body to a sleep in other lands
where neighbors are unfriendly in the grave,
not being of my people or the way
of life my people faced the dark to save—
on bloody lips the ghostly roundelay—:
the final rest that at this moment seems
desirable, quite worthy to be sought,
would be the Brocken of unquiet dreams,
the infinite hotel-room dearly bought.
No rented lodging unpossessed of toil
suffices for my dwelling in the soil.

I SHALL NOT ANSWER

I shall not answer when the weeping skies
demand renunciation more profound
than half-remembered ecstasy. Arise
and scatter now your unfleshed leaves around
the bitter shroud of constant maturation;
immerse the penitents in salty tears
nor answer in their oblique conversation
the hopeless clutchings, diabolic fears
yet unremembered and yet unresolved.
The warm and slimy quiet of the womb
demanded by the hour; and involved;
and absent from all remedy: the tomb.
Belabor me no more, O skies; yet find
the unrelenting plunging of the mind.

by Donald MacCampbell

IRVING BABBITT

SOME ENTIRELY PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS

OUR paths first crossed in the early fall of 1931 when, as a graduate student, I entered residence at Harvard. Babbitt's presence on the faculty was largely responsible for my choice of this university, and it is needless to say that I lost no time in making his acquaintance once I had arrived in Cambridge. I remember seeking him out one September afternoon in the Widener Library: making my way through a narrow corridor in that massive structure, and turning left into a still smaller passage which bordered one wall of the cage in which the stacks were enclosed, I soon found myself before the entrance of his little study. It was very conveniently situated—within a few yards of a "City of Books" which even the good Sylvestre Bonnard might joyously have beheld. A cold, business-like voice responded to my knock at the door and invited me to enter.

Babbitt was considerably older in appearance than I had judged him to be from his photographs, although I noticed at once that he was a man still carefully preserved from senility. He seemed to be all of six feet in stature, well proportioned, with broad drooping shoulders which gave him a haunched appearance when standing. His arms swung loosely from their sockets and seemed almost at times to get in his way. His hair was white enough to set off a healthy ruddiness of complexion, and his long concave face bore evidence of determination on every feature: the cold clear eyes, the hard line of the lips, the firm jaw—these in particular betrayed a mind none too tolerant of contradiction.

He greeted me with the usual conventional phrases and tried at once to put me at ease, although I can not say that he really succeeded. There was something unintentionally gruff, something characteristically middle-western, about his general manner. I felt that his voice had grown harsh and colorless from prolonged

association with lecture-halls, and that the "still, sad music of humanity" had in no wise softened or sweetened its quality. Nevertheless we chatted for more than an hour that afternoon—although, actually, I am afraid that it was more of a soliloquy than a dialogue. It was almost like turning the pages of an encyclopedia: the facts were there to be accepted or rejected, and no matter how passionately one might dispute them they would still be there on the following day. At length, fully exhausted by my efforts to follow him back and forth through the centuries, I halted him before the seat of my immediate interest: his two courses, between which I was faced with the problem of choosing. It was a choice between literary criticism since the sixteenth century on the one hand, and Jean-Jacques Rousseau on the other. After having him tell me something about them, I finally decided upon the latter—an undergraduate course which was open to graduate students as well. I thought it would be intensely interesting to hear just what a humanist might have to say about a romanticist of the most radical order. And in the course of the ensuing eight months it was my privilege to learn.

I shall not soon forget the tense atmosphere which prevailed in that large corner room on the main floor of Sever Hall—the one with the semicircular tiers of seats, all sloping down toward a rostrum in the center—prior to the opening lecture that year. Almost it seemed like an assembly of pious pagans inside a temple awaiting the personal appearance of a god. Hushed and dignified voices discussed the health and deportment of the Omniscient One during the summer recess, debated with all due reverence the progress—if any—which his teachings were making in the vast wilderness of American mentality, and rapidly reviewed the latest of his reported prophecies. Then at last he arrived, descending with none-too-godlike grace the several steps to the rostrum. Seated, he hastened to empty the bulging stomach of his brief-case, heaping upon the table before him many a hoary volume filled, as I suspected, with the feeble wisdom of mortals. Then he fastened his spectacles behind his ears and was ready to begin . . .

Now one may wonder—as I at first most certainly did—exactly what this lover of poise, dignity, moderation, and tradition was

doing at the head of a course of lectures on Jean-Jacques Rousseau, and why he had chosen to spend so much of his time dissecting so hostile a mind. Personally, I had always believed that what little satisfaction one could possibly derive from pedagogy came from instructing receptive minds about the people or subjects one whole-heartedly loved, and I did not find it easy to reconcile in my mind a picture of this lover of Socratic wisdom in daily intimacy with the works of that impulsive and erratic French reformer whose undisciplined habits of thought contributed so much to the dehumanization of occidental society.

Then of a sudden it all grew clear. Professor Babbitt was in this respect not unlike a preacher I once knew who repeatedly based his sermons upon the infamous character of Satan—craftily hoping, by severely damning the villain, to direct the longings of his credulous congregation to the wonderful glory of God. Good enough. But why, one may ask, should so brilliant a man as Babbitt not have led his subjects at once into the light instead of describing the bogies that lurk in the darkness? The answer to this is that Harvard University is not exactly comparable to the Christian Church inasmuch as one attends not to be converted to any particular creed, but only to be instructed. This of course is true of any undenominational institution: Athena alone is worshipped, and any minor deity is set up at risk of instant extermination. Professor Babbitt, being at all times conscious of the restrictions placed upon him, made the best of them in a manner worthy of a Sophic sage. For by carrying his students through the troubled history of poor Rousseau, by making it emphatically known that this scoundrel had always championed modern democracy, sentimentalism, vocational education, self-expression, and by tracing his powerful influence down through the years to the present time—by doing all of this, I say, and furthermore by taking full advantage of every opportunity to contrast the man unfavorably with such cherished pets as Socrates, Aristotle, Burke, or Johnson, Professor Babbitt largely achieved his desired results.

In the course of our first private discussion I remember that he informed me with characteristic seriousness: "Mind you, I do not attempt to force my humanism upon my students. Whatever

they know about this matter they must get from the outside." Outwardly he lived up to this assertion, and the University was satisfied. It is significant that one of his finest literary achievements, *Rousseau and Romanticism*, he did not once recommend the class to read. And of all his published works, members of the course were held accountable only for the opening chapters of his scholarly treatise on government, *Democracy and Leadership*. Furthermore, the only decidedly humanistic work which he forced upon the class was Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution* which certainly everybody should read at least once in a lifetime. So far, then, reasonable enough!

Inwardly, however, I detected the humanist secretly at work upon the minds of his students. I noted particularly his deferential respect for certain of the ancients, and his willingness to undervalue—if not actually to disparage—a much larger group of influential moderns. When discussing the men whom he respected, it was always a question of their virtues and attainments; when alluding to the others, it was invariably a question of their errors and shortcomings.

Of Henry L. Mencken—his particular *bête noir*—he had surprisingly little to say, although on one occasion he did actually condescend to read several paragraphs from one of his books, just by way of enlivening his own commentary on the evils of democracy. (Here, of course, the two men found ample ground for agreement!) I remember being extremely amused at the way Babbitt would pause for a chorus of snickering laughter upon reaching one of those typical and delightful outbursts of Menckinish buffoonery. He behaved much in the manner of a wise parent reading over good-naturedly the immature scribblings of his youngest child—or at least that seemed to be the impression he was trying to establish. And yet, frankly, there were times during that long year's struggle with the contradictory works of Jean-Jacques Rousseau when I should gladly have given a term's tuition just to have had Mr. Mencken come romlicking into the room. Such were the times when the Professor's mind went groveling into the depths of pedantry: for example, the times when the reading of the *Confessions* had to be halted while members of the class went searching through their minds for origins

of a particular word; the times when some incident in Goethe, or some statement in Plato, had to be brought forth by a not-too-widely-read group of students; or the times when a stray quotation had to be tracked down and identified. All of this at the cost of God knows how many bad guesses and how many painful moments of embarrassed silence. (Several years ago, as the reader may recall, the wags of his course arranged a lottery based on the number of quotations mentioned per lecture!) Am I wrong in thinking that a little of Mencken's nimble wit might have enlivened matters during such tedious parades of pedantry?

As to the reaction of the students to all of this priggishness, I can only speak for the rather small group of graduate students whose opinions, I am afraid, were not very favorably formed. Most of them were inclined to share my own belief: poetic quotations, citations from narrative literature, origins of words—all of these are perfectly welcome, for it is true that one attends classes for the purpose of learning. But one does not attend in order to receive a daily barrage of impertinent questions which only serve to break up the continuity of the lectures! As for the undergraduates, I suppose their opinions for the most part were indifferently established. No doubt they felt that if the situation should again become unbearable they could arrange another lottery for the purpose of passively amusing themselves . . .

In short, had I contented myself with this class-room acquaintanceship with Irving Babbitt I might well have considered the association a failure—despite the fact that I have never sat under a more stimulating professor than he. Indeed, it was only on turning from the pedagogue to the man that I came to build up my high esteem for his almost superhuman learning. It was in his study in Widener Library that I first knew this distinguished critic and scholar, just as it was there also that I had first met him. In the privacy of this little retreat he did not hesitate to unleash his furious erudition upon me. I had only to start him off on any subject whatever and then sit back to be whirled at break-neck speed through the ages. In tribute to his vast store of information, I may truthfully state that never in the course of any of our frequent chats together was I able to lure him to unfamiliar ground: some, indeed, he would tread with reluctant

steps—such as sociology or psychology—but always he seemed to know the passage through.

I made no attempt to bring these conversations into the domain of humanism, although occasionally he invited me across the border. For two reasons, in particular, I was loath to follow: in the first place I was somewhat bewildered; and in the second place—even where I understood—I was frankly sceptical. The humanistic virtues seemed fair enough; but the humanistic prescription for attaining them seemed too much like an appeal to magic.

One day while we were discussing the merits of German philosophy, Professor Babbitt singled out Schopenhauer as “a rascal who failed damnably to practice what he preached,” referring of course to his attitude toward sex. Here I felt it incumbent upon me to offer a word in defence of my favorite metaphysician.

“Then do you really believe, Sir,” I asked, “that men are free to practice what they preach? Is the hypocrite a deliberate offender, or is he not by his very hypocrisy fulfilling a destiny from which neither heredity nor environment will permit him to escape?”

His reply was characteristic of the modern clergyman: “All of the evidence,” he confessed, “is certainly against the existence of free will. Freedom is something that can never be proved—something that a man either feels or does not feel. If you are satisfied to be a machine, that’s all very well. Personally I am not.”

Hardly, I fear, a very sound foundation upon which to erect a working philosophy of life! And if the foundation is weak, what boots it to wrangle about the strength or weakness of the structure? The present essay, as the title makes clear, is simply a record of my impressions; were I seriously to attempt a critique of humanism I am afraid I should fare even worse than the critics who have made such attempts in the past. But certainly I should try to persuade my readers that until one single example of a free act has been demonstrated—and by a free act I understand one not directed by a cause—it is sheer folly to take the matter of New Humanism very conscientiously. Of course the humanistic virtues themselves are admirable, and have always

been respected by people of cultivation. But it must be shown that the so-called "inner check" is something more than a pressure brought to bear upon the actions of the individual by uncontrollable causes. The proof that man is personally responsible for what he is in life is a burden for the New Humanists themselves to shoulder. Otherwise Babbitt's form of humanism is entirely worthless as a way of life, and is important only in so far as it furnishes the critic with a set of standards. And as I left his study that day I fell to thinking of a statement which John Macy had made in the *Times* to the effect that Professor Babbitt might have been a much more enlivening critic had he seen fit to let humanism alone. In other words, he seemed always to possess a far shrewder knowledge of letters than he did of the actual world—so much of which he had obviously examined through the walls of the Harvard Yard.

Shortly after *On Being Creative* had been published, I went to his study to find out what he thought of the reviews. As I suspected, he was still convalescing from the attacks of certain New York critics, and when I put forward my question he seemed at first to be annoyed.

"And what did *you* think of them?" he asked in his usual staccato voice.

I told him that I thought the Boston papers had been very fair, but that some of the critics in New York seemed unwilling to conceal their inveterate hostility toward his work. I cited Macy as an example.

Babbitt smiled a little bitterly. "Surely," he said, "you were not so foolish as to take that review of his seriously. Don't you know that he belongs to a school of criticism which has set out from the start to damn the whole humanist movement? Just let me ask you how much you were able to learn about the contents of my book from Macy's review in the *Times*?"

"Very little, indeed," I replied.

"There you are!" he exclaimed. "How is the reader to know what a book is about when the critic fills his review with other matters? It's reached a stage now where I find it utterly impossible to get an honest deal from the New York group. Mind you, I never object to being attacked in the proper place. But

it seems to me that a book-reviewer should keep to his subject and give the reader a chance to form his own opinions regarding the merits or shortcomings of a piece of writing."

Now how much Professor Babbitt was himself responsible for the injustice done him by the reviewers it would be hard to say. Certainly he was a man who frequently went out of his way to antagonize his enemies, and even his admirers have been willing at times to admit that his wholesale repudiation of the moderns was somewhat unfair. Occasionally I confided to him my own sincere faith in contemporary writers but rarely would he even pretend to understand me. As I recall, about the only concession I could get him to make was in the case of Aldous Huxley whom he agreed to be "a brilliant young man," but one who was "unfortunately rather badly in the dumps." When once I suggested that H. L. Mencken had exerted a stronger influence over our native literature than any critic past or present, he only smiled in that paternal manner. When I hinted that Spengler, Santayana and Keyserling knew more than a little about occidental philosophy, he promptly dismissed them as "apostles of despair" much as dear William James in his day used to dismiss most anything that faintly savored of cynicism. As a matter of fact it seemed to surprise him—as it still surprises his charming and intelligent widow—that I could hold out against the invitations of humanism after so many months in Cambridge!

That humanism has many champions at Harvard, Irving Babbitt took much for granted. Personally I can not say that I have been impressed by its popularity there, save as it appears in a form of hero-worship among naïve undergraduates whose knowledge of philosophical thought most likely extends no further than one or two emasculated courses on Kant or Aristotle. Nevertheless, it is possible that time may justify his assurance: even as he saw, up to the very end of his life, vast numbers of "little Menckens" appearing throughout the country, so too an army of little Babbitts and Paul Elmer Mores may arise to oppose them in the future.

But I am wandering away from my impressions. His final lecture that year was decidedly, in my opinion, his best. It was a special meeting called together *after classes had officially closed*

for the term, and being an exceptionally warm May afternoon many of the students remained away. Here, during this extra-session, Professor Babbitt made what appeared to be an outspoken plea for his own critical philosophy. Rousseau had by now been sufficiently exposed, and we were all presumably enlightened concerning the arise and tragic fall of poor Jean-Jacques. His political democracy had been shown to lead to imperialism; his educational training; his religious sentiments had been shown to sink into emotional forms of nature-worship; and his own personal career had been shown to run the gamut of psychopathological complexes, merging finally into complete mental and physical collapse. *Voilà pour Rousseau!* One had now only to profit by his mistakes; one had only to remember that the wisdom of the ancients might withdraw one from the brink of any such catastrophe. Therefore a final plea for the good life was not altogether out of place.

It was in this farewell lecture that Professor Babbitt first made bold and frequent use of his pet term, *humanism*. He warned his students not to confuse it with humanitarianism—a heinous brand of Rousseauism which presumed to place the whole struggle between good and evil in society instead of placing it within the individual where it properly belonged. He rehearsed the familiar string of essential virtues: balance, poise, proportion, exercise of the law of measure, respect for tradition, and most of all a respect for the *inner man*. These were the ingredients of a good life, and not without due consideration to the *higher will* were they to be preserved.

The lecture brought forth more than one lusty attack upon the philistine standards of business-men and politicians; and there were hints that all was not so well with Mother Church. Humanism, as the lecturer admitted, must assuredly intrude at certain points upon the religion of Christianity, but nevertheless the intelligent humanist could readily set at nought the importance of theological speculation. Yes, but the question is, could he? Indeed, if Professor Babbitt failed repeatedly and deliberately to establish a difference between the *higher will* and the belief in deity it was probably because—as I have long suspected—there actually exists no difference . . .

I saw him only once again after that lecture, and then solely for the purpose of saying good-bye. He seemed well pleased when I told him how much I had enjoyed the final session, for I am afraid he noticed my boredom on more than one occasion in the course of that school-year. Babbitt was certainly keen in that respect: although he encouraged no friendships between himself and the student-body, nevertheless he watched his pupils far more closely than they would have been ready to believe. Once I cut lectures three times in succession and when he saw me he promptly reminded me of the fact—asking if by any chance I had been ill! Occasionally he would question me about some student in the class: what I knew about him, or how his interests ran. Always he gave his students his very best, and even while working day and night to prepare his book of essays for publication he was on hand regularly three days per week to conduct the lectures. I was not at Harvard during 1932-33, but since my return last fall I have heard many times the tragic story of how a sick man, often too weak to hold a pencil, would go to his classes day after day to carry on with the usual program of study, stubbornly refusing to consider the serious nature of his illness, courageously defying the warnings of his physicians each time that he arose from his bed. In return for such whole-hearted devotion to his work, Professor Babbitt expected—and in most instances received—the conscientious efforts of his students.

"The records clearly show," he once told me, "that the students who make high grades in my courses are successful in later life." Apparently he had figured it all out in percentages and I did not venture to doubt him.

I believe that Irving Babbitt was as much at home in Cambridge as he could have been anywhere in this world. Like Professor Norton before him—who more than shared his distrust of the present age—he endeavored to live as much as possible in the past. If he was alone in life, alone even in the company of his wife and children who sincerely loved him, it was certainly not to his discredit. Virtually all outstanding men have been lonely figures: there is so little that their fellow mortals can have to offer them. Indeed, the shallow world of men and women is no congenial place for a scholar fighting to defend his standards against the *profanum vulgus*. Often when I think of Mr. Mencken I am

inclined to regret a little that he did not spend at least a few of his younger years in higher academic association. As it is, his vigorous mind seems rather unpleasantly coarse—no doubt from too much contact with the outside world of business-men, theologians, and politicians. He has been forced to learn the almost sadistic art of hitting back at the weaklings in society in order to defend himself against their impudent dogmas. This, of course, his arch-enemy Babbitt was not obliged to do. And yet, withal, the inescapable law of compensation seems pretty much to balance these two outstanding figures in American thought: Mencken, on the one hand, far too conversant with the evils of actual life ever to hope to remedy them; Babbitt, on the other, still trying as late as the third decade of the twentieth century to base a code of ethics upon a mythical *higher will*!

Not long before his death I wrote to Professor Babbitt, and in my letter I dared to repeat the suggestion that John Macy had made in his *Times* review. "You are a valuable critical influence," I wrote, "when you stick to the field of criticism. But do, Sir, try to forget the humanist-propaganda when you sit down to write."

I never received a reply. I presume that, to the very end, he was inclined to disagree . . .

by Charles I. Glicksberg

VAN WYCK BROOKS

VAN WYCK BROOKS has been a voice of ethical protest and prophetic challenge. Uncompromisingly he exposes the secret sores of our collective life: the weakness of our culture, the decay of our literature. The causes he points out and the cures he recommends are never superficial. He cuts to the bone; he seeks to root out the rottenness that is infecting and slowly destroying our spiritual existence. Primarily, it is his arraignment of America on spiritual and intellectual grounds that is important.

Serious-minded and profoundly sincere, Van Wyck Brooks early came to the conclusion that America had fallen on evil days. Observing the contemporary scene for approximately two decades, he experiences a mingled feeling of irritation, disgust, and despair—irritation at the paucity of our literary achievement, disgust for our insufficiency, our immature and crude spirit, despair over the frustration and failure of what the people of this country were manifestly striving to accomplish. He assumes, to begin with, that since literature is fundamentally the expression of an individual, the first and highest duty of the writer is to develop his character to its fullest potentiality. The inner man must be perfected, mortised and tenoned firmly in a world of flux and change and competitive acquisition. And this, he bitterly charges, is precisely what the native breed of writers had failed to do. "Unable to achieve a sufficiently active consciousness of themselves to return upon their environment and overthrow it in the terms of a personal vision, they gradually come to accept it on its own terms." These words, which appeared in an essay in *The Seven Arts* in 1917, have been the burden of his text ever since. For he believes that it is on the flowering, the free functioning of the creative spirit that not only the vitality of literature but also its artistic integrity of vision depends. If the writer's life is stunted, deprived of light and air, he cannot see life steadily and surely cannot see it whole. To the creative mind an enlightened and comprehensive

view of the world and of man is essential, but it seems to be sadly lacking in American letters. As a result, the writers have become the victims of the regnant creed that what counts most is not the vision of the artist and the spiritual values he is supposed to uphold, but the ideal of material success—a creed that was bound to end in repression and tame conformity. With convincing earnestness Van Wyck Brooks assails the native writers for yielding to convention and supinely accepting the fetishes and taboos of the tribe. They have made a covenant with Mammon, he cries, and cravenly sold their birthright. Consequently they have forfeited their rightful place as leaders; they have become submerged and lost in the contemporary struggle. Moreover, since their insight had to conform to preconceived standards, they did not even reflect faithfully what they saw. All in all, they were an ignoble product of a society and civilization that had never grown up or spoken out.

Criticism of this type is the brilliant and distinctive contribution of Van Wyck Brooks. It is a prolonged lament over the short-lived promise and premature decease of American letters. That it has died—indeed, that it has never been truly born—is his general verdict. As he practices it, criticism is not a mirror or a lamp but a scalpel; not a diagnosis but an autopsy. The work of modern writers he subjects to a thorough dissection, revealing what parts are diseased or atrophied, the formation of gangrene and sclerotic arteries—all symptoms of early death. In his essay "The Literary Life in America", he declares: "But what immediately strikes one as one surveys the history of our literature during the last half-century, is the singular impotence of its creative spirit . . . The chronic state of our literature is that of a youthful promise which is never redeemed."

In all justice to Van Wyck Brooks, it should be said that he honestly attempts not only to indicate the cause but also to suggest the cure for the disease that is ravaging American life and letters. The cause, he asserts, may be ascribed to a number of complex factors. Modern life in this country is without a principle of integration, and the people are like "a vast undifferentiated herd of good-humored animals." The national mind has become standardized, the American people have denied art—facts which

account for the sterility, the ugliness that has fostered so much restlessness and so many seeds of revolt. The environment exerts a formative and decisive influence on the artist; it is the home which rears him and the school which educates him; the soil from which he derives sustenance and strength; the mother of vision and experience. Here he imbibes speech, customs, tradition, ideas; here he lives and receives that precious heritage which is his making or his doom. "If our writers wither early," he writes, "if they are too generally pliant, acquiescent, anaemic, how much is this not due to the heritage of pioneering, with its burden of isolation, nervous strain, excessive work and all the racial habits that these have engendered?"

Any one intimately acquainted with the economic evolution of America is aware that the influence of the frontier, the era of western expansion, land-grabbing, settlement, exhaustion of the material resources of the country, investments at home and abroad, the incredibly rapid urbanization which took place—that these alone do not account for the blight and barrenness of the creative spirit in America. They constitute only a limiting cause. While it is true that the artist is the child which has given him birth, to whose laws he must conform or perish for want of recognition, it is not true that the writer cannot devote himself to the task of mirroring the society of which he is an organic part. A period of intensive industrialization need not be inimical to the development of literature. Even if the writer be antagonistic to the civilization amidst which he lives, must he therefore give up the struggle and admit defeat? Why he fails can be explained on other grounds

⁴This is a tenuous, one-sided generalization, and has been competently refuted by Bernard de Voto in his book on Mark Twain. All America did not migrate to the frontier, and it is begging the question to make the frontier a primary, all inclusive cause of the weakness and unfulfillment of American letters. One might perhaps argue with equal cogency that the failure of literature in this country was due principally to the unsuccessful struggle waged by the workers during the forties and fifties for equal rights, higher wages, and shorter hours. Furthermore, following the line of Van Wyck Brooks' argument, if the aim of America is to produce shrewd and successful business men, entrepreneurs, industrial captains who exploit the land and its resources, what chance has the writer of being heard, of fulfilling his mission? Though he offers, as we shall see later, a partial solution to this problem, he seems to forget that the pursuit and acquisition of wealth need not be incompatible with the love and encouragement of letters. What about literary conditions in England where a more or less similar degree of industrialization and technological specialization in an international free market has been reached?

more relative than this. While the penalties for an Ishmael in America or for that matter in any land are severe, that should not prevent the emergence of a vital and puissant literature. The type of genius repressed and crushed by its milieu must be precariously frail.

If, as Van Wyck Brooks asserts, the intellectual life of America is sadly impoverished, it may well be asked why the artist cannot establish his own cultural values and abide by them. If culture is a specific agency which will counteract the Puritanism, the Philistinism, the dull indifference and boredom and ugliness which a prevailingly acquisitive civilization induces, why can't the writer keep on with his appointed work? To questions like these questions which he himself asks—Van Wyck Brooks' reply is one of affirmation: the writer instead of allowing himself to be dominated by his environment must shape it to suit his will. Genius must fashion its own world and educate its audience; the milieu must be its production as well as its nurse. He thus calls upon the writer to educate the public, to guide its taste, to stimulate a demand for his work. The writer must lead and not bow before the idols of the people. "If our literature is to grow it can be only through the development of a sense of 'free will' on the part of our writers themselves." Van Wyck Brooks thus proves himself more than a prophet of despair; he is also a courageous and constructive critic summoning the writers of the land to organize and overthrow the forces which hold their spiritual and artistic growth in check.

II.

Except for certain contradictions inherent in his critical views, Van Wyck Brooks' views have been strikingly consistent. About 1915, when he was still under thirty, he came to the fore as a critic of considerable promise. Radical in his ideas and deeply influenced by the teachings of Wells, Shaw, and Nietzsche, he uttered a "new" message that attracted a small band of talented disciples. The force of his appeal lay in his attempt to link literature with social forces, to measure it by the canons of social and ethical justice, and to call for a complete emancipation from the dead hand of the past. Though sympathizing with some of

the aspirations and ideals of socialism, he is too staunchly individualistic in his philosophy to be affiliated with any party or political creed. Through his writings rings the conviction that the world can be remade in the image of man's ideal if he has the courage to face the future confidently and repudiate the past. What is needed is the integrity of some sustaining spiritual faith. His work is social criticism of a high order.

In *America's Coming-Of Age*, he advances the interesting thesis that American culture, growing out of a people absorbed in material ideas and pursuits, is in a perilously low state. American life in its dreary continuity is both undesirable and unsocial. "Dessicated culture at one end and stark utility at the other have created a deadlock in the American mind, and all our life drifts chaotically between the two extremes." What he advocates is self-fulfillment, not self-assertion, clearly aware all the time that this, on the economic plane, implies socialism. Though he does not resort to the stock phrases of Marxism, in many ways he anticipates its method of criticism. Self-fulfillment he sees as a creative force which will give man a feeling of sociality, of co-operating with his fellowmen. Competitive society, capitalism which is dominated by the inhuman profit motive and by the anarchic demands of the commercial market, these he fiercely attacks as inducing that economic self-assertion and fostering those acquisitive instincts, which are the root evil of modern industrialism—an evil progressively undermining the health of the whole structure of society. What he stresses is the need for a quickening social ideal or faith which will fuse and vitalize those vast forces latent in the American soul.

Letters and Leadership was an eloquent restatement of the same fundamental theme. America hungered for the creative life. "To live creatively, to live completely—that is the desire of Young America." In *Three Essays on America*, which has just appeared and which contains a reprint of both books mentioned above, Van Wyck Brooks indicates that though he adheres to his main ideas, he has modified his views in some respects; he would no longer attribute to his own country faults true of human nature in general, and he feels that the bearding of the prophets of the past is outmoded and that the baiting of Puritanism has become a

bore. Yet these pre-war essays served admirably as an idealogical preparation for his later studies of Mark Twain, Henry James, and Emerson, which further amplify and illustrate his leading critical theories. In *The Ordeal of Mark Twain*, Van Wyck Brooks refuses to accept the conventional explanation of Twain's cynical pessimism, and arrives at the conclusion that Twain suffered from a malady deeply ingrained in his temperament, a malady common to many Americans. Basing his new interpretation on the psychoanalytic technique furnished by Freud and his school, Van Wyck Brooks attributes the chronic pessimism of Twain, his lacerated conscience, his orgies of sin and self-content to an organic repression, to having denied some vital part of himself. Employing a terminology which is a part of his method and which sums up his nuclear critical beliefs, Van Wyck Brooks declares: "That bitterness of his was the effect of a certain miscarriage in his creative life, an arrested development of which he was wholly unaware, but which for him destroyed the meaning of life." That Twain was a frustrated spirit suffering from arrested development, that he was a genius who failed to acquire the self-control, the inner discipline and self-knowledge which is the achievement and the distinction of genius—all this is more than an hypothesis; it is a scathing indictment of Mark Twain and many of his contemporaries. By the use of apt quotations and dramatic episodes Van Wyck Brooks supports his thesis that Twain, a born artist with a marked tendency towards the creative life, not finding in his uncongenial environment the social sanction and encouragement essential to the writer, became a conflicting and life-long tormented personality. His wish to become an artist was repressed and supplanted with the inferior but safe and more profitable wish of gaining approval, of conforming to public opinion. The individual yielded to the pressure of the mass, and Twain became an inhibited being, a peculiar product of the pioneer regime, its stereotyped psychology and tribal compulsions. If Twain was, strictly speaking, a failure, the country in which he lived was to blame as well as the man. America after the Civil War, Van Wyck Brooks points out, offered only one career—that of seeking and obtaining material success. All idealism, religious, political, and social, was centered on the ideal of

money-making. For the business men of that period were fundamentally still pioneers, still under the domination of the idols of that strenuous, crudely materialistic past. Wealth was the goal, the god of gods; the worship of success developed into a social cult which blindly ignored the needs of the individual and set up the ideals and influence of the herd as norms. In short, "A vast unconscious conspiracy actuated all America against the creative spirit," and the whole spiritual life of the nation was infected by a perniciously neurotic anaemia. Was it not extremely significant that as Twain's creative instinct was repressed, his acquisitive instinct, in response to social pressure on all sides, rose proportionately; that he became increasingly concerned with the profits of a book, not its artistic possibilities? Authorship was to him a trade, not an art; it was not the expression of his individuality but a means of adaptation to the all-powerful law of supply and demand. As a result, Van Wyck Brooks concludes, Twain "abdicated that spiritual independence without which the creative life is impossible." He adjusted himself readily to American society, he became tame, decorous, genteel, and his marriage to a repressed, hysterical type of woman completed the process of subjugation. Samson was shorn of his locks; Twain's artistic integrity was irreparably destroyed. He became the spokesman of the Philistine majority instead of setting himself sharply against the evils of industrial capitalism. He thus became "the archetypical pioneer," a spirit with none of "the self-determination of the artist," a man who, unable to tell the truth about himself, had to resort to the mechanism of wish-fulfillment. All this, Van Wyck Brooks insists, was the unfortunate outcome of the heritage of pioneering life which was shot through with innumerable repressions; a life in which the individual could not express himself freely and creatively.

The next book, *The Pilgrimage of Henry James*, a brilliant study of the life of the novelist in his struggle for spiritual integrity and self-realization in some environment that would be favorable to his inner creative needs, Van Wyck Brooks reiterates the familiar theme that the American scene is inimical to the growth of art and the nurture of the artistic temperament. With wistfulness that springs from a sympathetic understanding of the

problem involved and an energy of attack that testifies to his hope for some solution, Brooks describes the escape-mechanism, that flight from the hideous reality of America to the more mellow and stimulating atmosphere of Europe, and that eventual dissatisfaction with the culture and society of the Old World, which so many writers of the last two decades experienced: Malcolm Cowley, T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, Harold Stearns, and Ernest Hemingway, to mention but a few. Henry James is portrayed as being constantly haunted with the sense of being an outcast, a spectral wanderer in strange lands who had not come into his own and who had lost all contact with actual life. The book is not a biography in the formal sense; it is an artistic re-creation of a man and a mind, of a writer and the age and milieu in which he lived. It is, furthermore, an excellent specimen of Van Wyck Brooks' ingenious and, within limits, highly effective biographical method, that of incorporating into the text many phrases and passages of a writer without indicating their source. Valuable as such a method is, since it makes for unity of mood and concentration of interest, it is at times confusing because the reader is unable to distinguish between the voice of the writer under discussion and that of his critic.

The career of Henry James, like that of Mark Twain, was a fruitful text for a discourse by Van Wyck Brooks on the superficiality of American culture, the impotence of the artist in such an ugly, money-mad, industrialized environment, the perpetual quarrel of the artist with his native country, the prevalence of the materialistic spirit which was a carry-over from the pioneering stage, the psychological mechanism of escape whether by conformity at home or flight abroad. To Henry James, America represented a land of failure and frustration. Europe might disappoint his romantic expectations, but America was the country of horrors, "where men were turned into machines, where genius was subject to all sorts of inscrutable catastrophes." The artist in America was doomed to bitterness and impotence. These, Van Wyck Brooks persuasively argues, were the impressions that Henry James formed at the beginning of his career, and these were the impressions that remained with him till the end. In truth, Van Wyck Brooks declares, Henry James was pursuing a phantom.

was running away from the one thing which might have proved his salvation. The race, the soil which filled Henry James with such a feeling of fear and loathing, was the Sacred Fount, the creative source, "the spring of his own unconscious being," as long "as he retained a vital connection to it." Everywhere else, even in the gracious England of historic tradition and hallowed memories, which gave him shelter for so many years and which he loved so dearly, he had failed to take root, to find a home for his restless and discontented spirit. No wonder Van Wyck Brooks found in him an absorbing figure, "an immortal symbol" of that deep yearning the American in the Old World experiences for reunion with the mother, his native land.

The Life of Emerson, an elaboration of a previous work *Emerson and Others*, is a vivid biographical portrait which is important as being the first positive expression of the critical theories advanced by Brooks. It is unspoiled by excessive negation or by attempts to make the subject conform to any prescribed pattern; approving in tone, it holds up Emerson as the noble type of literary figure, independent and courageously self-reliant, who was true to himself at all times and who therefore formed a striking contrast to the lives of Mark Twain and Henry James.

Sketches in Criticism, a collection of essays written over a period of years, which together with *Three Essays on America* offer the best introduction to the general reader of his method, style, and ideas, gives an earnest, coherent expression of his mature beliefs on the state of American literature and life. It consists of essays on a wide variety of topics, but these are correlated and bound together not only by the personality of the author but also by the theme that runs through them all—a theme which will be discussed in some detail in the next section. Aside from his biographies, this is perhaps his most important book so far and certainly the most suggestive.

III.

What, however, constitutes the distinctive merit of his contribution as a critic? Possessed of a far-ranging cultural equipment, he subjects our literature and our cultural life to a stringent comparison with the literature and the life of other lands, and

shows how wanting we are in all those basic elements which compose the good life. We have no mellow influential traditions, no reservoir of faith from which all can draw a measure of nourishment, no representative body of literature to set up as a precedent and as a stimulus to further exertion, no corrective corpus of criticism. As a people we are incurably shallow and complacent, optimistic to a point which bespeaks an undisciplined intelligence, without leadership and without apparent aims or ideals. To make matters worse, the masses with their crass ignorance, their stupid shibboleths and compulsive customs, are now in the saddle—a point of view which incidentally indicates how far removed he is from the worship of the masses indulged in by proletarian critics. No prophets come forth to condemn and liberate; no solitary defiances are hurled against the brazen idolatries of the age; there are no fighting rebels, no saving minority. Progress is our peculiar illusion, perfection conceived wholly in a materialistic sense, our form of self-deception. And this uncritical optimism, so widely prevalent, obstructs the growth of vital values.

Without these values, Van Wyck Brooks insists, there can be no national expressive conscience, no academy of tradition, no barriers against the menace of the invading herd which would reduce everything to a common denominator of ugliness and mediocrity. Mass vulgarity is the great destroyer. Moreover, without doubt there can be no enduring faith; an inner struggle must precede inner clarification and conviction. America, however, blind to the writing on the sky and the many acute symptome which testify to a hidden malignant disease, remains complacently assured of its superiority and manifest destiny. The idol-worship of democracy has concealed from the people, he writes in a vein which Mencken was to popularize, its signal failure, its capacity for evil, its irreparable harm. America has grown so singularly benighted, so corrupt and contented, because it has no leaders save those who are imbued with its essentially negative spirit. It has no leaders who would dominate public opinion, oppose the reckless drift of social and economic forces, and protest in the name of higher values than those that were securely established. America, as Van Wyck Brooks pictures it, is hopelessly unconscious, pragmatic, fatalistic.

For Americans are as a rule unawakened spiritually, unconscious of their limitations or else subtly hypocritical about them. Hand in hand with their practical activity, their shrewdness in business and speculation, goes a romantic strain that is typical of the undeveloped. The history of our social and industrial life has been an unprecedentedly cruel struggle for moneyed power. So overwhelming was the course of this struggle that those who feared or hated it were impotent to do anything or say anything. They either exulted and prophesied a glorious future or else watched and kept silent in sheer despair. But our constitutional energy could not admit even in the realm of the spirit, and so we surrendered ourselves to a debauch of hope. And hope also betrayed us, hope too became bankrupt, America is now left without a goal, without the compensatory illusion that it is young and that the future holds a fine promise. It has been concerned with the machine and has neglected men; it has toyed with wealth and has prostituted society; it has yielded to a miserly passion for property and success and has brought failure on the noblest possession of a race—its collective culture.

Hence there is but one way out: In order to encourage and support the writer in his office, America must produce an aristocracy of the spirit. This conclusion, which is by no means the same thing as Mencken's plea for a native aristocracy, illustrates the salient weakness of his critical position. Though he persuasively explains the fruitful contribution such an aristocracy could make, he does not make clear under what conditions it could arise and why thus far it has failed to arise. True, such a minority could enlist a corps of eager writers, dedicated to their work with the highest aims; it could probably educate them to a proper sense of their duty and the need for a discipline by which they could find the best that was in them. It could also create a table of standards by which literature was to be judged. And it could infuse "literature and the literary life with grace, magnanimity, knowledge, passion, disinterestedness and all the other conquests of which great men also are fully capable but which all of us can share in a measure." Inspiring as all this undoubtedly sounds—this recruiting-call for great men, for a saving remnant—it should not deceive us as to the conditions indispensable for its realization. A statement of ends presupposes a knowledge of the means nec-

essary to be employed, and Van Wyck Brooks at no time indicates how this consummation is to be achieved. Though he talks about the rapport of the writer with society, he seems to be definitely hostile towards the society of his country. Such an attitude need not be considered negative if it is harnessed to a positive and constructive desire to give birth to a new regenerated society. That desire, however, if it exists at all, finds no clear expression in the work of this urbane and distinguished critic. What he counsels is a form of separation, lonely and heroic dissent, the cult of isolated and magnanimous greatness. In truth, how can half a dozen valiant "aristocrats of the spirit" arise when the forces of their age and their environment are solidly arrayed against them, when, in fact, society for which they would legislate does not want or care for them? How can they arise, in short, without creating the conditions which would favor their emergence? But to do that, they would have to alter, in some way, the composition of society.

Van Wyck Brooks has wisely avoided becoming involved in sociological or economic doctrines and has confined himself to his business as a literary critic. His books are a convincing vindication of the purpose and function of criticism. His work itself demonstrates how criticism often parallels and sometimes precedes the birth and development of a literary movement which cannot grow fully conscious of itself and make any great headway without the impulsion and leadership of the critical spirit. That spirit makes for clarity and synthesis; it is a rallying cry for writers to engage in battle and make themselves heard and felt. His importance is to be gauged not alone by the views he espouses but far more by the rare qualities of mind which he possesses. Uncompromising sincerity, deep passion, an infectious power of ethical conviction, a sensitive perception of beauty, an extraordinary gift of style and imagination—these are the qualities which have won him an assured place as a leading critic of contemporary America. Despite his tendency at times to be negative or destructive, he has made criticism partake of the creative spirit. For at the heart of his negative attitude lies an unquenchable hope that America will some day awake to a realization of its true mission. To the crucial question whether the younger writers will be able to create the life that is the native soil of literature, he gives this answer: "Yes. That is our categorical imperative."

by Howard Blake

THOUGHTS ON MODERN POETRY

CERTAIN problems face both the writer and the reader of modern poetry; certain questions, of the sort M. I. A. Richards might endeavor apocalyptically to answer, recur with unavoidable insistence to minds which seek a reality underlying a Lenin, frankfort stands, or a J. P. Morgan. Obviously poets can no longer derive full satisfaction from the smiling approbation of middle-aged ladies. If there be any equity in Arnold's dictum that poetry is a criticism of life, the poet must know life. Now it is scarcely credible that life has in its composition but two or three elements; that a relatively glib paraphrasing, let us say, of Lucretius and a description of a brothel, an alley, an urinal compasses, with success, the gamut of present experience: nor can we seriously accept the *vers de societe* of an Austin Dobson or the lyric felicities of a Sara Teasdale as the answer to a need possibly including but necessarily transcending their best work.

The living poets who have made the closest approximation to any apprehension of cause; who have attempted to arrest key situations, and who have talents partially equal to their task, are few—indeed, we might well question their existence. M. T. S. Eliot, and his inevitable *Waste Land*, is the first and most signal who comes to mind. Much is to be said for bolstering present feebleness with the heterogeneous strength of the past. If this age be one of uncertainty and rapid change (bewildering and annoying to a sensibility desirous of inhaling the sacred fumes of experience slowly and singly) surely there have been other ages, with a relatively equal flux, where men, with Miltonic selectivity, built order in what seemed, and probably was, social disorder and chaos. We are, in *Waste Land*, to perceive a premeditated or inevitable form in a desiccated formlessness. Perhaps we are willing to concede that formlessness is an ingenious form for an age with no other form but that of change and distraction. We may believe, however, that a greater poet would, through the neces-

sary exclusions of a ruling idea or conception, have more completely and satisfactorily set his lands in order.

It is difficult, in Mr. Eliot's "Prufrock", to find lines trite either in themselves or in their context. The saccharine verse of the much-be-labored nineteenth-century; the luxurious, at first amusingly, effete diction of the Mauve Decade; the pompous inutility of a Stephen Phillips conspired eventually to induce strong reactions. Bombast and black cigars were the first appreciable results. Self-conscious awareness of life, and a careful articulation of apprehensions within formulated limits, was the essence of the reaction: to avoid the trite at all costs; to see everything with subjective clarity; to couch the perception in a diction divorced from former banal phraseology became the poet's creed. We agree now, as the poets did then, that this change was needed, and that, so far as they go, the doctrines are sound. Since the noise of novelty, and its attendant inflation of actual value, has mostly spent itself, certain evils are recognizable as adjuncts of the movement. That the insistence on perfection in every part, the mania for avoiding the trite, conspires to produce good lyric poetry, is, for my purposes, unquestionable. Amy Lowell, Hilda Doolittle, Richard Aldington, Ezra Pound, F. S. Flint tried to create a poetry without recourse to any current poetic diction. In the large, they succeeded. Now lyric poetry springs from a given personality; parades the sorrows, joys, weaknesses of its writer before a supposedly attentive audience. This is a rabid romanticism, and the younger poets and intellectuals are becoming aware of the need for a poetry transcending the wailing and gnashing of teeth in some isolated personality. Stephen Spender (in an essay published in the *New Republic*, 18 April, 1934) voices what I believe to be an authentic summing up of the younger writers' position: "All this is only a way of saying that the poetry of the future requires two or three major poets: today that seems an extravagant demand, but our past history shows that formerly it was not so."

There has been, and is, too much stress on the requirement of *perfection in part*. The eighteenth-century maintained of Shakespeare that but few of his consecutive lines could be said to approach a poetic (lyric) perfection; that his power lay in the magnitude of the whole. This is a commonplace. The

neo-classicists laid stress on architecture: when the poet conceived characters they should represent not merely the poet's creation but universal types. Though they failed, perhaps, to practise what they taught, much can still be said for the theory.

In any short survey of modern poets, one is impressed, not with their voicing the problems and realities of man, but their interest in themselves, or their exegesis of some character or characters insufficiently veiled for us to fail in detection of the writer behind the masks. I am convinced life is somewhat more than Robinson Jeffers' iterated abnormalities: indeed, being constrained to use such subject matter, he relinquishes the challenge to express struggling, incoherent man. Conrad Aiken, a lyric poet of merit, seems to believe a man's reach should exceed his grasp, for we have long searches into the subconscious minds of supposedly different people, without any possible claim to have expressed even *men* of the type he intimates; rather, it is a too particular analysis to be recognized anywhere but on his pages. Edward Arlington Robinson emits, with a solemn regularity, sterile analytical ramifications of sterile characters who can boast of no more than a change of labels. Wallace Stevens is pleasantly conscious of his limitations and seldom ventures beyond them. Hart Crane, with some success, aimed at the epic goal in *The Bridge*. Mr. Eliot's *Waste Land* remains, I believe, the one poem our time has fostered with unmistakable epic adumbrations. For, when Mr. Eliot expresses his sense of frustration, futility, ruin, we are aware of his having expressed many men—that there are many Mr. Eliots who sense and despair. The weakness remains: he articulates only the Mr. Eliots. This limitation seems to be an integral part of lyric poetry, but is lamentable when we have need for a more universal portraiture. In *Waste Land* there is no multiplicity of character; key characters through whom we may penetrate superficial 'local color' and discern unchanging human types. It is all Mr. Eliot. Surely much should be said for the necessity today of Aristotelian *imitation*. Great poetry should describe and analyze many men not one man.

Lascelles Abercrombie, in his book, *The Idea of Great Poetry*, writes of the existing confusion between the epic and lyric forms; writes of the condemnation of the epic through stressing the pe-

cular beauties of certain segregated lines, excluding consideration of architecture, idea, intuitive truth. If Mr. Abercrombie's strictures are somewhat obvious; if the book appears to be repetitious, his 'message' is one worthy of attention—worthy of an attempt at practical application.

- The manifestos of 'Amygism', by implication, may be said most arrestingly to have voiced the dogma that all poetry must be lyric poetry to be good. The nineteenth-century published silk-covered, garnished volumes bearing the titles, *The Beauties of . . .* some writer of prose or poetry. Matthew Arnold would extract a few lines from Dante and say, 'This is great poetry'. Now it might seem a certain blasphemy to admire in a work of epic form and scope only the lyric moments. The doctrines of 'Amygism' and the *Beauties of . . .* volumes obviously have much in common: this call for a pervading and persistent lyricism is both destructive and paralyzing.
- It seems to me these remarks cannot be stressed too much: the nineteenth-century and the present day have named the lyrical in poetry as the one thing needful: to avoid the trite; to sustain the power of each line, in relation, not to other lines, but to itself, has been the formulated doctrine of modern poets. Perhaps the *Zeitgeist* of modernity has its nearest analogue in the age of Donne, but we must remember that from his century rose a Milton. Today's poets may be too intelligent to be epic poets; they may find difficulty, defeat when confronted with the need to confine mankind to some outlined theory or idea—the necessary order for epic composition. Perhaps, from these ashes, some poet with the required limitations will rise.

II.

The four modern poets with whose aesthetics we shall concern ourselves are chosen quite arbitrarily; to me they represent signal achievements, signal appositeness, and signal shortcomings.

- For modern poets symbolism of some kind seems to have lent itself to their needs. In Mr. Eliot we find a writer who might have read and assimilated the *Discourses* of Sir Joshua Reynolds; a writer who seems to have given neo-classical poetic theory, as it is found from Dryden till the insurrection of Romanticism, a

new interpretation. It is a sound view of life, though, perhaps, a literary man's view of life, which sees the present not as some singular instance of the extraordinary but as it is in relation to the long and rich past. To express his own experience, Mr. Eliot places it beside, fuses it with, the life and experience of preceding ages. Now the *Discourses* espouse borrowing; using former riches of art to adorn new compositions: (in practice the eighteenth-century poets borrowed particular lines or, in painting, particular attitudes, failing, as does Mr. Eliot, in the apprehension of the *spirit* of a Homer or a Michelangelo). To quote a relevant passage from Reynolds' 'Twelfth Discourse' (all the italics are mine): "Those who steal from mere poverty; who, having nothing of their own, can not exist a minute without making such depredations; who are so poor that they have no place in which they can deposit what they have taken; to men of this description nothing can be said: but such artists as those . . . whom I consider as competently provided with all the necessities and conveniences of art, and who do not desire to steal baubles and common trash, but wish only to possess peculiar rarities which they select to ornament their cabinets, and take care to enrich the general store with materials of equal or of greater value than what they have taken; such men surely need not be ashamed of *that friendly intercourse which ought to exist among artists, of receiving from the dead and giving to the living . . .*" Or again: "The daily food and nourishment of the mind of an artist is found in the great works of his predecessors. There is no other way for him to become great himself." To quote again from the "Sixth Discourse": "We come now to speak of another kind of imitation; the borrowing a particular thought, an action, attitude, or figure, and transplanting it into your own work, this will either come under the charge of plagiarism, or be warrantable, and deserve commendation, according to the address with which it is performed. There is some difference, likewise, whether it is upon the ancients or moderns that these depredations are made. *It is generally allowed, that no man need be ashamed of copying the ancients; their works are considered as a magazine of common property, always open to the public, whence every man has a right to take what materials he pleases; and if he has the art of using them, they are supposed to become to all intents and purposes his own*

property." I might add that if the reader of a work following the above general ideas can recognize the *sources*, and apprehend their juxtaposition with the poet's own conceptions, he has a more succinct realization of experience than in any other form of composition. To improvise an instance: a poem quotes or paraphrases some lines from Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*; if the quotation, or borrowing, join with the writer's conception, he has evoked, not only the particular plot and dramatic situation of *Tamburlaine*, but necessarily shadows forth Marlowe and his age. It would take many pages and an over-development of over-tones for a poet, using his own words, to compose a similar picture.

This is a kind of symbolism: not only do the words express the poet's thoughts and emotions, but they act as signposts directing us to a work in the past that expressed, in turn, another poet's view of life. Had Mr. Eliot made his stream of consciousness more translatable, his work would stand as an unassailably important instance of a certain perfection in the attempts of a decadence to create an epic—the universal within the limitations, if the terms be not contradictory, of a fairly general personality.

In this age of poetic theories, it is unhappy that Mr. MacLeish should have published "The Hamlet of A. MacLeish" two years after the publication of *Waste Land*. Mr. MacLeish might have been in the cherubic head of good Sir Joshua when he wrote; "The writers of every age and country, where taste has begun to decline, paint and adorn every object they touch; are always on the stretch ['Amygism']; never deviate or sink a moment from the pompous and the brilliant". Mr. MacLeish's work tempts one once more to discuss that much discussed question of the 'fancy' and the 'imagination'. Though his aesthetic is derivative and his ideas are few, he is probably the most brilliant technician amongst the moderns. His musical sense scarcely ever fails him: line follows line in which are employed sustained vowel sequences, subtle handling of alliteration, assonantal rhymes, inevitable rhythms. He seems to have no ruling convictions. One leaves his work wondering what he meant to convey: the obvious 'meaning' seems too obvious. "You, Andrew Marvell", "landscape As a Nude" from "Frescoes for Mr. Rockefeller's City . . .", passages in "Conquistador", and some others impress one with a very real visual perception and technical mastery. He frequently succeeds

(as does Stevens, and, with more impressiveness, Crane) in rousing responses his reader would find difficult to define in prose. This is unusual lyrical power. His music, however, is all in one key. It is unfortunate that the mind acute enough to reach such skill in details should fail to conceive a larger plan in which it might better employ its virtuosity.

Mr. Wallace Stevens does not attempt serious poetry with a serious air. His view of life seems to negate the proposals of answers to anything. The symbolism he employs in his poems, states in some concrete image the abstract idea, or meaning. To those of us who are impatient of a Felicia Hemans' sentimental didacticism, abstractions, imperfectly fused with a not too fresh image, have become unpleasant. Passages we can be quite sure will stir most intensely the reader, are those passages using a sensuous imagery with (the following word may seem vague, but, as all definitions of poetry in exposition prove somewhat contradictory, I am forced to posit 'taste' as the arbiter) 'inevitability'; with 'meanings' woven inextricably through the patterns of sensuous perception. Now if the image is the most 'magical' device one can utilize in the writing of verse, why not use it exclusively, so joining word to word as to imply, rather than prosily state, the 'meaning'? If it be necessary to employ abstractions, let them be written in rhythmic prose statement. The sardonic smile, the laugh accompanying a certain recognition of the inscrutable Wyrd, leaves one with no sense of problems intuitively solved: and, to apply a former general statement, Mr. Stevens is too cognizant of complexity to propose any resolution of difficulties; he is unable to find, nor does he seem assured anyone can find, the modern world's basic realities.

Mr. Stevens' work is a miniature: Hart Crane's *The Bridge* is Mr. Stevens' aesthetic on an epic scale. One is conscious of a tautness, a restraint, a self-consciousness in many of Mr. Stevens' poems: in Hart Crane we meet, at bottom, the same aesthetic absorbed into the subconscious; given a flow and majesty which the self-conscious composer would find it difficult, I might say impossible, to achieve. The late Hart Crane was not a learned man; he was not trained in or given to nice distinctions: what learning he did possess was used, with no great subtlety, in his poems. It might be maintained that he was constantly in touch

with men of all classes—with the earth. It would appear that his greatest learning was in the amassing of a varied and applicable vocabulary. Now *life* was too proddingly real for him to concede the impossibility of giving it meaning. He might be said to be the only modern poet sufficiently *blind* to give his concepts the force of convictions *felt* not cerebrally, and perhaps timorously, posited. Looking about him, he sought some symbol sufficiently great to serve as an integrating myth for the life and mankind he knew. Now education may make one despair of a truth; while articulate awareness of every-day (with some few former poets or thinkers—few, hence exaggerated in importance—to serve as points of reference) may strive, and perhaps with a relative success, to give hunger, pain, lust, sorrow meaning. Is it important whether the answer spring from the need for an answer? Mr. Eliot finds Anglo-Catholicism: Hart Crane made *The Bridge*. That the poem is the product of desire rather than of fulfillment must mitigate, in the eliminating process of time, its claims as a successful epic. Its convictions are frenziedly positive; one's reactions are mixedly negative.

Mr. Eliot's subjective approach to the epic (what he would consider, and perhaps he is right, the only possible form of composition for this age) and Hart Crane's attempt for a more objective achievement, are arresting instances of current impotence. Mr. Eliot's nice writing and Hart Crane's broad splashes have this in common: both are subjective; intent (consciously in Mr. Eliot's case, I believe, unconsciously in Hart Crane's) on words, not sections; lacking any positive, determined, ruling conception of life (a belief which automatically excludes exceptions); lacking in universality.

III.

The problems a modern poet must confront seem to paralyze any wide assimilative powers and cause, as escape, concentration on technique. The stressing of the need for perfection in part seems to have crippled the feeling for architectural perfection. The nineteenth-century in its insistence on the 'greatness' of certain lines and short passages in the work of the live undead; in its *Beauties of . . .* volumes, prepared the way for the poets' revolt from poetic diction. This nineteenth-century, this age of

romanticists, also espoused the exploitation of personality, laying the foundations for much of the current solipsistic verse.

IV.

The preceding short remarks on some of the deducible techniques adopted by Eliot, MacLeish, Stevens, Crane lead to certain conclusions: all lack the catholicity which would most happily present current experience; that catholicity found in a Shakespeare. Without this catholicity and without convictions, with the urge to make each line strange, surprising, perfect (though the criteria of perfection must be subjective), they are forced, in continuation of the romantic tradition, to espouse self-exploitation. There is, however, a self-exploitation which searches with such intensity, and probes with such selective acumen the deepest and perhaps contradictory selves, as to produce a *Divine Comedy*. It may be urged that Dante had convictions, that belief was the spirit of his time. It might be said in reply that out of this seeming multiplicity must come, if man is not to go completely mad, if man it not to lose whatever heritage the past may have to offer, a unity, and this unity must be the integrating factor in the work of the necessary poet.

No modern poet has expressed all of modernity. Some have tried and failed; partly, perhaps, because they spent so much of their energy in the development of a technique or communicative medium. The poet who will give voice to our experience will have no need to formulate his aesthetic; he will have only to fuse the best aesthetics of his predecessors—for out of so much diverse, and partly successful, experimentation must come some worth for future utility. This poet may find mankind within himself, and so be undeterred by the solipsistic Charybdis; may attain the catholicity of a Shakespeare; or he may have apprehended the unity beneath multiplicity, and attain the depth and intensity of a Dante. He will not, we hope, give voice to a limited and inelastic personality, and offer his work as an articulation of world experience.

The development of the future poet is dependent on the course of civilization. Should we continue, in our daily rounds, to absorb heightened artificiality, should we continue to live with no

governing convictions, should, in short, the complexity of experience increase, tomorrow's poet must mirror, in his own way, this augmented heterogeneity. Should man seek and find basic truths which may serve as ties uniting his divers reactions to diversity, the poet will be in a state, as I remarked, analogous to a Milton or a Dante. For, unfortunately, it is to the future we must look for that poet whose work will attain 'greatness'; and we may recognize 'greatness' only through comparison (making every allowance for dissimilarity of time and place) with the work years and critical appraisals acknowledge as masterpieces for all time.

by Maristan Chapman

NON QUOCUNQUE PARATUS

There shall be nothing but the quietness
And all the tumult hushed against the dark.
No chill estrangement shall the finish mark,
Nor shall we ever seek to repossess
All that is held in love's down-curving arc.
Thus, when we tread our sundered ways and, stark,
The cold, grey ashes fade in nothingness,
We shall be lonelier than they whose spark
Of mingled ecstasies excite regret.
Love not delivered to defeat may be held high,
Proudly and sharply—clean of treachery—

Through unquenched embers glows the question yet,
"How shall we warm the frozen years that fret
And shiver in their naked misery?"

by Lorena M. Gary

SUNSET AT GETTYSBURG

Silence, serene peace at sunset,
In springtime, falls on the field,
Memorial figures, half-spectral, in marble and bronze, and little
white crosses in rows upon rows;
Nebulous shadows on graves of the men, young and old, who
loved life but gave it;
Soft vespers of birds in battle-scarred trees that were havens of
merciful shade to the dying;
Young grass, green on the earth, where bodies were mangled;
where splinters of arms, legs, eyes were ruthlessly strewn in
the wheatfield—
Fragrant spring flowers by gigantic boulders, where once lay the
carnage of shrapnel-torn flesh,—
Where dauntless dreams of exultant faith lay crushed by the
tramping of horses and soldiers' boots,—
Where high hopes of home and love lay shattered by bullets and
eternally broken by bayonets.

Questioning ghosts of the fallen come stealing back at sunset,
Quietly stealing to earth in the springtime—and wonder—
Are the little white crosses adumbrant; the shadowy names but
faint memories?
Why do the echoes of war drums minaciously sound in the
distance?
Where are the hopes and the dreams and the faith of their com-
rades?
Has God forgotten the price that was paid by their life-blood?
Thus do they wonder, those fallen, who rise up at springtime,
Rise up and move o'er the field,
In the silence at sunset.

by *Frederick Horner Bunting*

SECURITY THROUGH LIBERTY

FOR a number of years Ortega y Gassett and Benedetto Croce have been names for serious people to conjure with. The idea of liberty is considered in two of their later books. Ortega, in *The Revolt of the Masses*, and Croce, in *The History of Europe in the Nineteenth Century*, discuss the meaning and development of liberty during the last century and indicate the direction which its future development should take. Americans who make much ado about their precious heritage of liberty would do well, perhaps, occasionally to consider the meaning of this liberty. Indeed, now that the very idea of liberty is in many places challenged, assailed and over-thrown, reconsideration becomes almost imperative, lest we wake up one day to find it merely a phenomenon of past history.

During the nineteenth century, Croce says, the idea of liberty became alive again after a dormant period covering several centuries. It became, indeed, a sort of religion which rose and expanded throughout Europe as never before. But only after it had done battle with and subdued other formidable religious faiths, such as were professed by absolute monarchies, established churches, democratic equalitarians and the like did the religion of liberty come to dominate the scene. Liberalism's growth was diversified: it centered in several parts of Europe. And the first general political direction it took was *Nationalism*. This movement should have been followed by another, according to Croce: by a movement towards a larger Nationalism—a United States of Europe, and that, in turn, by a World State. Unfortunately, logical evolution of the idea was interrupted by unexpected events, e.g., by the success of Bismarckianism in Germany. The hope of extending the principles of liberty during the nineteenth century into the international field languished with the Prussian victory at Sedan, nor has it yet revived.

Ortega takes up the narrative before the conclusion of Croce's version. Where the two men's minds over-lap their unanimity is marked. Their agreement is evident, first of all, in the descriptions of the general nature of liberty. After telling what the liberal institutions of the nineteenth century were and how established, Croce sums up by saying liberalism was a system "that would ensure a freer and more generous way of life and progress". Ortega says: "Liberalism is that principle of political rights, according to which the public authority in spite of being all-powerful, limits itself and attempts, even at its own expense, to leave room in the State over which it rules for those to live who neither think nor feel as it does, that is to say as do the stronger, the majority. Liberalism is the supreme form of generosity." And neither Croce nor Ortega ever confuses liberty with license. In a dozen different places they speak of liberty as identical with morality. Croce, for example, says: "if liberty is deprived of its moral soul . . . the upshot is activism", which is a "parody", a "perversion" of liberty. And Ortega states: "By serving these principles (of nineteenth century liberalism) the individual bound himself to maintain a severe discipline over himself . . . Democracy and Law were synonymous."

They agree, also, as to why the principle of liberty failed to reach universal proportions in the nineteenth century. This was, they say, because men's minds became possessed by the acquisitive mania, by the relative importance of "scientific and practical" over "speculative and humanistic" studies. The growth of the mania for sport, though not sport itself, was another cause of liberty's debilitation. But worst of all a new and subversive ideal, encouraged by men like Nietzsche, rose up and wrapped octopus-like tenacles about men's souls. Croce calls this ideal "activism". Under its influence, men came to extol, as once they had deplored, cruelty, blood-shed, warfare and 'direct action'. Ortega's word for the activists is "mass-men". And what for Croce is the triumph of activism is for Ortega the rise of the masses to power. 'Activists' and 'mass-men' are the same people, and both signify the opposite of 'liberal'.

The similarity of thought is again evident in the discussion of Europe's future. Both writers hold that the one thing necessary

for the revival of liberty and for Europe's regeneration is the political unification of the several European States. These nations have the same heritage of liberty and the same cultural heritage, at bottom, and their economic organizations cry out for the destruction of existing political boundaries. That is what makes union advisable. But union is more than advisable: because the attempt to maintain national boundaries is proving a menace to the lives of all the peoples concerned, union has become absolutely necessary.

II.

So much must suffice for the growth of the idea of liberty in Europe. Next, let us consider in somewhat greater detail the meaning of the term, as expounded by these two writers, in the mind of the nineteenth century European.

To him it meant, briefly: (1) changes from political domination of one country or class over another to relative autonomy, by means of wars and extension of the franchise; (2) replacement of absolutism in government by constitutionalism; (3) displacement of established churches in both religious and educational fields; (4) the over-throw of the institution of serfdom. These groupings include, according to Ortega and Croce, all the essential liberal moves of the nineteenth century. But more than that, they appear to represent for these two men the sum and substance of liberty today. If these institutions can be preserved, that is to say, it appears that Ortega and Croce will rest contented that liberty has survived. They feel, however, that the preservation of these institutions of liberty is menaced by the 'activists', the 'mass-men', and they advocate the political unification of the European States as, presumably, the way in which civilization can thwart the rise of the masses to power.

Though the four categories above still represent valid liberal principles, yet for reasons peculiar to twentieth century conditions, the idea of liberty needs to be expanded by an additional principle if it is to survive.

One of the assumptions commonly made by liberals in the nineteenth century was that the prerequisites of life (things bought by money) were available to all men who were willing to

work for them: that a man could get a job of some sort if he but took the trouble to get out and scratch for one. The validity of that assumption was certainly not above debate; but two facts gave it support in the minds of most.

First, the machine technique of the period following the 'Industrial Revolution' made such heavy demands for labor that labor reached a stronger position than it had been in for centuries to bargain with the owners of capital goods. Consequently, and secondly, the population of Europe, which had increased but little since the Renaissance, was able to rise during the nineteenth century from about 150 millions to nearly 450 millions. The demand for labor increased at about the same rate (possibly faster) as the rate of physical production. Or, in other words, the production of a greater amount of goods and services required the hiring of a greater number of men. Labor-saving machinery put textile handicraftsmen out of jobs, but it gave jobs to machine textile workers, and the use of the machines greatly increased the need for miners and metal workers.

But, however true the assumption was in the nineteenth century, it is definitely untenable now. It is untenable now because, as Mr. Walter Polakov puts it, the machine age has given way to the power age, and the outstanding characteristic of the power age is that more and more goods are being produced by the efforts of fewer and fewer men. The demand for labor no longer keeps pace with the rate of physical production. One evidence of this discrepancy appears in the cessation of the increase in the population of Europe. Another may be seen in the recent dislocations of the economic organizations of European nations, which have made it impossible for millions of persons to get work for long periods of time. The same trends are apparent here in America. Clearly, the power economy produces technological unemployment under our present system, and the existence of this unemployment renders invalid the assumption that anybody who seeks a job which will support himself can find one. Consequently, any idea of liberty based on this assumption is mistaken. To give meaning and life to the idea of liberty we must add this principle to it: every person who is able and willing to work shall be assured at least a substance income by the society in which he lives.

That this principle is the *first* principle of liberty cannot be denied without rendering other principles of liberty meaningless. Mill said long ago, in his essay *On Liberty*, that when a person acts so as to injure others, the principles of liberty enjoin society to restrain or punish that person. By the same token, when recurring depressions cause suffering to millions, society ought to take steps to stop the depressions and to prevent the suffering. It is no more the responsibility of charitable individuals to support the jobless than it is their duty to arrest and prosecute criminals, although their coöperation with the State in both of these endeavors is entirely desirable.

There is no evidence that either Ortega or Coöce recognizes this first principle of liberty, but they have suggested an action, in the political unification of Europe, which would help towards its attainment. The many national boundaries, so firmly established in Europe by an over-zealous spirit of Nationalism, are anachronisms which stifle growth in industry, hinder the exchange of ideas, and invite wars. But that such a union would guarantee a rich development of thought and character among Europeans for more than a generation is seriously debatable. At best it could only give to them the advantages which we in the United States enjoy, and freedom worries attendant to technological unemployment is not one of those advantages.

It might be worthwhile to ponder what a refusal to acknowledge the obligation of government to sustain this first principle of liberty would result in. Accomplished facts point the way and give a clue to the answer. Already, in many directions, the government has entered into competition with the business activities of private individuals and corporations. The government runs a shipping service (postal), manufactures ships and armaments, buys and sells raw products, is taking a hand in banking, and is about to operate a vast public utility in the Tennessee Valley. These governmental activities have come about simply because private control of these kinds of business has not uniformly served the public welfare, sometimes has served it intolerably badly. If the government is forced to continue taking over private enterprise, we shall necessarily be brought to state socialism. There are of course, other dangers not much further remote from pos-

sibility than socialism, but more undesirable: fascism or anarchy. No evidence of these dangers is offered here, but it is, perhaps, not beside the point to note that in European nations, whenever 'capitalism' has been seriously menaced by 'socialism' (historically speaking, in Italy and in Germany), capitalist leaders have usually resorted to a fascist government of one sort or another. Both socialist and fascist governments promise to give the people the same thing, namely, security of livelihood. That promise is what gives those governments their strength. Both will fall if, after a while, they fail to live up to their promises. But so will capitalism fall if it does not somehow make the people's lives economically secure. Safe it is to day that people everywhere will support whatever government will assure to them the first principle of liberty. If therefore, one does not 'cotton to' the probable inefficiencies of state socialism, nor to the tyrannies of a fascist dictatorship; if one believes that a system of private enterprise is a better system than any other because under it men enjoy such life-giving privileges as the freedom of open debate, the freedom to challenge in writing or in speech anything whatever, the freedom to engage in individual or group enterprises in an unorthodox way—privileges which are frowned upon, if not prohibited, by socialism and fascism—one must conclude that pre-depression capitalism may not be resorted to—that changes are in order.

III.

How capitalism's problem is to be settled is not entirely clear but, at least, the general nature of the problem has become abundantly evident. It is so to arrange the distribution of money incomes that people who work may be enabled to buy an amount of goods which is at the same time both sufficient for their livelihood and sufficient to keep the wheels of industry moving. The outstanding characteristic of the power age dictates that if the economic machinery of any nation in western civilization is to be kept running and the people are to be given a living, their wages—the wages of the masses—must be continuously raised and their weekly hours of work must be steadily decreased.

A statement of that sort needs about a volume of argument

and evidence to prove its validity to a sceptical mind. But the following is the line of reasoning which would be followed in that supporting volume. The money incomes of all businesses and persons are spent in one of two ways: either in the buying of finished goods, like clothes and fountain-pens and food, or goods like raw wheat and pig-iron and wool, which are still in the process of manufacture. Even money put in the banks for savings or deposit is spent—if it is spent at all—in one of these two ways, through commercial loans or through what is called capital investment. Now next, for successful operation, the system requires an even flow of goods from one stage of manufacture to another, and finished goods must be taken off the market (bought) at a rate governed by the rate of physical production. Formerly, during the machine age, manufacturers of unfinished goods could increase or decrease their volume of production by degrees. The power age is making it more and more difficult to raise and lower the volume of production at will, because among other things the wide-spread use of automatic and semi-automatic machinery necessitates the running of plants at full capacity or not at all. This loss of production-resiliency, which is unavoidable and which must be expected to increase, makes it all important in this day to see that goods are not allowed to accumulate at any point in the production process; for if they do so accumulate, the resulting dislocations necessarily cause more damage to property and to human life than ever before, more, indeed, than human beings will tolerate. Just before the beginning of any depression it may be observed that the quantity of finished goods on merchants' shelves begins to pile up (making allowance for seasonal movements), indicating that a dislocation in the system is about to occur unless a greater amount of purchasing power is quickly spent on finished goods. It is, of course, not possible to predict with certainty just when a major depression is beginning merely because merchants' stocks happen at any one time to be high; but one can say confidently that failing large foreign loans, or the lowering of tariffs judiciously, or the rapid rise of some great new industry (public or private), or something of that nature, the continuance of large stocks of goods on stores' shelves for a short time will set the wheels of the business cycle in motion downward. The orig-

inal reason for the piling up of un-sold stocks is that *too much of the national dividend has been apportioned to profits, dividends and higher incomes*; that is, to persons who invest or save most or much of their incomes; too little of the national dividend went to those who spend immediately on finished goods practically everything in the Saturday pay-check.

Thus, it was concluded above that the way out of the power age difficulties, (or, at least, out of the worst of them), is to raise wages and shorten hours steadily. It is probably not far from the truth to say that if during the past decade, interest, dividend and bond rates had dropped to the pre-war level, instead of staying at the war-time highs, the depression of 1930 and after would have been postponed several years. And if, in addition, wages and hours had been steadily changed in the workers' favor, the depression would have passed us by. It is the thesis of this paper that neither of those alternatives occurred, as they might have been expected to occur in the nineteenth century, simply because each of the great mass of business managers in America discovered that he could make more profits (produce and sell more goods) not by hiring proportionally more workers but by hiring less than that number, and not by paying a proportionately larger total wages bill, therefore, but by paying something less than that. This old-fashioned business formula worked as long as it did largely on account of the eleven billions or so (as yet un-repaid) foreign loans dispensed so casually during the 1920's, but there is no reason to believe it will work in the future without the same sort (or a similar one) of artificial stimulant. As long as the profit system exists, however, it is folly to suppose that any one business man is going to raise wages and shorten hours, or what is more important, that all business men will *individually* raise wages and shorten hours, unless there is some general agreement to do so and *unless there is a guarantee of punishment for offenders against the terms of the agreement*. The present administration appeared to appreciate the importance and the logic of this reasoning when it brought forth the Codes of the National Industrial Recovery Act; only, in refusing to interpret Section 7a of that Act promptly and unequivocally and, after finally interpreting it through the National Labor Relations Board, in re-

fusing to prosecute offenders, it gave evidence of mental confusion and uncertainty of conviction. Many business men—who were not indisposed to abide by the N.I.R.A. provisions at its inception, believing that if the wages and hours provisions of the Codes were likely to cut their individual profits, they would not, at least, put them in an unfair competitive position—are now flouting the to them undesirable features of the Codes. Even if one admits, as is here admitted, that a regulated private economy offers more of liberty and of produce than any other system, it is now perfectly evident that government interference is both requisite and necessary.

The government holds the key position: it can and must take punitive measures when necessary to enforce the Code agreements of business men and workers' representatives; it must collaborate in the making of a farm-products programme (because farmers are relatively un-organized) and enforce its provisions; but it must also formulate and direct monetary and international trade policies in such a way as to promote the end and aim of economic organization, which is no more but not less than to provide men with the first element in, the foundation of, liberty.

IV.

You ask: Does this require a degree of tact, intelligence and integrity heretofore almost unheard of in governmental officials? It does indeed. Their authority and responsibility will, according to this line of thought, increase a hundredfold over that of their predecessors in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The possibility of success in this new relationship of government and industry, which is the only alternative to socialism, or fascism, or communism, will depend entirely upon our ability to put a high percentage of superior men into public offices. So that of all the questions relating to liberty none takes precedence over the question, how make our finest citizens our representatives in the government? It is a question which has doubtless engaged the attention of thinking people before; but where it was once merely desirable to find an answer to it, the recent turn of events in industry and in international affairs has made solution of the question imperative.

If it were true, as Ortega and Croce seem to think, that the activists, the mass-men, have arisen to power, there would be little to hope for in the preservation of liberty. For consider a little more in detail what manner of person this 'mass-man' is.

The mass-man is a person who sets no value upon himself, considers himself 'average', just "one of the boys", and is happy to be like others. He is not self-critical. He looks upon the goods of this life, and an ample supply of them at that, as no more than his just due; but he feels no responsibility in the matter of preserving the civilization which makes the production of those goods possible. He feels no respect for law and when opposed he habitually acts outside the law, that is, with brute force. He is a crude equalitarian: as Ortega says, "He crushes and despises everything which is excellent, individual, qualified and select."

Rule by such persons obviously cannot be a rule of liberty. They cannot rule themselves, being but creatures of their impulses; how can they rule others? The only society which can hope to enjoy a rule of liberty in the power age as well as in others is one that recognizes inequalities among men and which puts its better men into office. The better men, or the aristocrats, are so called because they are able, generous, and sincere; they justify their privileges by fulfilling their duties; conscious of holding individual opinions, they are yet tolerant of individuality in others. This is the kind of men we must have in public office. That there are many of them holding responsible positions in government need not be doubted, but on the other hand the increasing popularity of several 'activists', in various States gives substance to Ortega's warning of the rising power of the 'mass-man'.

If we had a pure democracy—the election of leaders by a show of hands in some *agora* or *stadium*—and if universal suffrage prevailed, the general run of governors would be stupid and unscrupulous, for the average man in this country has not the self-control and the reflective powers of the average Athenian voter in the days of Pericles. Downright equalitarianism is now in some degree held in check by the institutions of Representative Government, Party Caucuses, Civil Service, and the like. But the rising power of activists indicates the inadequacies of these checks. It is perhaps not too soon to begin exploring for other means of

protecting our liberties. Several ways suggest themselves. Since discussion here is intended to be merely provocative, only three will be mentioned. We can reform the workings of the Party Caucuses, we can set up restrictions upon the electorate, or we can require selective, definite qualifications of candidates for public office.

If you believe, as some do, that any system of government will work well enough, providing the 'saving remnant' is large enough and sufficiently articulate, the present Party Caucus basis of Representative Government needs only to be renovated in order for aristocrats to be elected to office. Present 'youth movements', especially in the Democratic Party, are supposed to give expression to the desired reforms of the better elements in society. But as the leadership of some of these movements has evidently fallen into the hands of hardened ward and district politicians, one may well doubt that these movements will lead to the election of representatives untrammelled by obligations to particular 'interests', or at least to their constituencies in particular. There is no other evidence of effort to replace present party leaders with socially-minded, disinterested, and able men in the general political scene today. Unless some catch-phrase can be drafted for the purpose of interesting the more intelligent voters in intimate party politics, it is likely that those who want to see liberty more securely attached to the national life will have to seek some other kind of reform.

The setting up of restrictions upon the electorate was suggested as another way of protecting ourselves from the helplessness of reactionaries who bandy one type of propaganda and from activists who ballyhoo another kind. Restrictions of this kind are numerous, but the only one that could serve the intended purpose would be a test like the Civil Service examinations. Those persons who could not pass the test would be ineligible to vote. Theoretically, this is of all ways the one most likely to assure the presence of a preponderant number of able men in public office, but because it would require a staff of examiners which are not available and because the propertied citizens would be unwilling to submit to any such tests, the value of the suggestion is probably only academic.

The possibility of setting up restrictive requirements upon can-

didates for public office, however, recommends itself. True, no tests would protect the electorate from chicane and graft, but at least boards could be set up whose business it would be to investigate and to advertise the personal history of all candidates. In my opinion, we have more to fear from ignorant representatives than from malicious representatives, if only because the former characteristic is easier to hide from public view than the latter—thanks to campaign managers. Who will deny that it would be a great step forward for the electorate to know that regardless of party affiliations every candidate on the tickets, from lowest to highest, had at least the intelligence of a fourteen year old child? And it would be no more difficult to put such a plan of action into effect than it was to form State Boards of Education.

These suggestions are admittedly but shots in the dark. They are only intended to show the need for a new check upon our traditional equalitarianism which, now that we are become a matured nation, threatens to deliver us into the camp of Fascism or into the confusion of proletarian Communism. The problem of establishing a decent sort of liberty, the problem of fortifying an adequate Capitalism, is assuming larger proportions daily. An arbitrary view of the problem presents it as requiring the guarantee of jobs for the willing, without handicap of mass-man leadership. This is a *real*, not an academic, problem: it requires action. But first it must be generally recognized by thinking groups throughout the nation.

by *Mark Schorer*

WILLIAM BLAKE AND THE COSMIC NADIR

ONE cannot read far into William Blake without becoming aware of his violent antipathies; on the other hand, one cannot escape the fact that on the whole he hated not men, but men's errors. By the nature of his hatred, then, the men he reviled were symbols significant not as individuals but as abstractions in a cosmic scheme. The present study considers Blake in relation to three such figures—Bacon, Locke, and Newton; attempts a statement of the criticism implicit in his antipathy for them, tries to fit words and reason into his violent and apparently irrational anathema. The fact that they are parts of a symbol whose significance Blake felt imaginatively rather than three thinkers toward whose systems he took critical objection is at once evident. In a letter to Thomas Butts, for example, Blake wrote, "Bacon & Newton would prescribe ways of making the world heavier to me," and in *Jerusalem*, when Reason asserts itself,

.... I am God, O Sons of Men! I am your Rational Power!
Am I not Bacon & Newton & Locke who teach Humility to Man,
Who teach Doubt & Experiment? & my two Wings, Voltaire, Rousseau?

Such references are innumerable, and they are consistently annoying until the symbol they compose is defined; this is possible only by locating it in Blake's cosmogony. Once located, the symbol may be cracked, and the criticism it contains may then throw some light on the thought that formed Blake's cosmos.

I.

To the mystic Blake, eternity was the whole and perfect life of the Eternal Man, the union of all his rightful powers in an endless harmony. The world of space and time, for the very reason that it was bounded by space and time, was the grave of man, his only death, a death resulting from complete disintegration within him of all his powers. Between Eternity and Matter, between the

Divine Humanity which is harmonious and Temporal Man who is divided [and discordant] between life and this living death, exists the Fall. The Fall, then, is some dis-union in the Eternal Man, some dropping off from harmony, a division of powers which must mean a division in Man, the Eternal, and in man, the created. It is this concept that lies at the bottom of Blake's whole system, at the bottom of all his prophetic writings.

In Eternity, the Man, sometimes called Albion, lives completely, and all his qualities, standing in a subservient harmony with him, are summed up in four: Urthona, Luvah, Tharmas, and Urizen; Spirit, Passion, Body, and Reason. Reason suggests heavenly revolt and falls. Outside Eternity, he creates the world, where, he hopes, his laws will prohibit pain and sin, and is unaware that it is law which creates sin. He is the Jehovah of the Pentateuch, the Creator, and utterly unlike the Redeemer of the world, the Christ. The one, Reason, the Restrainer, is the formulator of laws, the accuser, the judge, the executioner of man; the other, Jesus, the Saviour, is the breaker of laws, the forgiver, the lover, the friend of man, and, ultimately, imagination, which is divine understanding, and is the only way back to the Eternity which Reason attempted to rule and from which he was therefore temporarily banished. But Reason is not the only sufferer, for destroying the eternal harmony, he causes the fall and division of Man's other powers—Eternal Spirit into Poetry, named Los, who divides again upon himself, so that Inspiration becomes a separate part, and he is corrupted; Spiritual Body into Matter; Passion into Natural Beauty; and the Eternal Man himself falls half-way between Eternity and the world, into the land of Beulah, where his essential self lies sleeping and his shadow, his material self, sinks earthward. Poetry battles with Reason and, under heavenly command, binds him into temporal limits, coerces him into the prison of five senses. All Urizen's works are limited, confined in matter, for once error and falsehood are contracted into forms, they can be cast out, and once error, which is negative, sinks down into the realms of Non-entity below the created world, the spirit, which is positive, the remnant of Eternity enslaved by the error, can arise again. The shadow of Man comes to earth, and Adam is created, with hardly a memory of eternity in his small and pitiful

brain. Thus history begins, for Adam, in his knowledge of Reason's moral law, is already driven from Paradise, the state of innocence, into the natural world, the state of experience. For moral law is the false doctrine of good and evil, which is error, and must eventually sink into nothingness with all other falsehood. There is no evil; there is only energy and false restraint, which creates it. And this struggle between energy and restraint, between instinct and reason, between imagination and unbelief, between faith and knowledge, becomes the whole basis of the natural world and is summed up in its laws. These laws Reason promulgates throughout the world, and man withers into smaller and more pitiful forms, lost to Eternity in his prison of sense. The tragedy overtakes even poetry and painting, Har and Heva, for imagination, though divine, is limited to matter, to Nature not as she is in eternity, but to the earthly form of Nature as the eyes see her, "Vala, now become Urizen's harlot," her true self hidden behind the veil which is all that sense and reason can behold. Restraint continues in religions, in governments, and at last the lowest point in the creation of the lowly is reached:

Thus the terrible race of Los & Enitharmon gave
Laws & Religions to the sons of Har, binding them more
And more to Earth, closing and restraining,
Till a Philosophy of Five Senses was complete.
Urizen wept & gave it into the hands of Newton & Locke.

In this philosophy, all of Urizen's errors are formulated and defined at last, all the errors of the universe resolved into words and the words resolved into rules, all now to be cast out into the realm of negation so that resurrection and reunion can begin.

Reason began, we have seen, with moral law, the original restraint on instinct, love, passion, imagination; and built on that basis all the religions of the world, a code exalting himself, exalting chastity and holiness and moderation, dethroning intuition and revelation, crucifying imagination, forgiveness, brotherhood. From his law, too, came the kingdoms of the earth, and all the false political systems which the son of Poetry, Revolt, will overthrow before the Judgment Day. On the same laws, he built his own philosophy, a philosophy of the five senses, which, like religion and government, denies imagination and faith, accepts only the demonstrations of experiment, the testimony of the senses

which must doubt even themselves, and concerns itself wholly, because it is built on the senses, with what the senses can perceive—the natural world. Nature as we know it is nothing; it is illusion, negation, error, the formulation of falsehood doomed to eventual extirpation. It is not Vala, who is spirit, but the veil of Vala, which is matter, and to find God in the veil is, to Blake, atheism. To find God behind the veil, which is mysticism, is the function of the imagination, and the God that imagination can perceive through its double vision is composed of the several pieces of Eternity, of the Man, hidden in earthly forms. It is for this reason that imagination was to Blake the only key to heaven, his whole religion, the only religion that had ever been or could ever be. For this reason, too, philosophy, science, even the religions of the world, which perceive only the outward form, are the parts of our universal atheism; and this atheism Blake fought all the days of his life.

II.

None of Blake's comments on Bacon's *Advancement of Learning* and only a dozen of those on the *Essays* are extant, but it is a simple enough matter, even without these fragments, to reconstruct the conflict between these two. Before one can rightly consider the clash of thought, however, one must pause to consider the clash of personality, for if ever two opposite temperaments met, here they were—William Blake: simple, unambitious, visionary, with a single face and that an honest one, with all his efforts, all his talents, all his being bent on the eternity beyond mortal dust; and Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Alban, Lord Verulam, and one time Lord High Chancellor of England: worldly, subtle, polished and cunning, with all his efforts bent on a mastery of mortality before mortality has ceased. Here are the eternal types of humankind, and here man's whole conflict from the beginning: the reasoner and the feeler, Blake's Urizen and Los, his Adam and his Noah, his temporal and his infinite. To one the world was everything; to the other the world was, literally, nothing. To one wisdom was the language of God; to the other, wisdom, in Bacon's sense, was God's curse. Indeed, they worshipped different deities, and Bacon's was the lesser. Blake asks, "Is it true or is it false

that the wisdom of the world is foolishness with God?" And answers, "This is certain: if what Bacon says is true, what Christ says is false." For Blake held that all of Bacon's worldly wisdom was a curse; it was the scheming, the plotting, the hypocrisy, the cunning deceit of the world of experience, the world which Reason had created. All that Bacon held vital, Blake threw aside. We read the *Of Fame* and the *Of Fortune*, and recall Blake's comment to Crabb Robinson:

I should be sorry if I had any earthly fame, for whatever natural glory a man has is so much taken from his spiritual glory. I wish to do nothing for profit. I wish to live for art. I want nothing whatever. I am quite happy.

Blake's greatest content was in the simple life. His business was always the business of heaven, he shunned fame for his spiritual good, and, a Jacobin, he hated the principle of kings and courts. Bacon's political sympathies, then, intensified their conflict, but this monarchism was only a single aspect of that essential quality which Blake most loathed, Bacon's rationalism. Knowledge, for Bacon, was the be-all and the end-all here and in the hereafter, and reason was God in man. Blake would have agreed, but he would have added that that God was our creator and, thus, our betrayer. Blake believed in one knowledge and one science, the wisdom of imagination, the divine sapience we draw from our visions of eternity. Bacon's knowledge, with its single purpose of mastering nature "for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate," was, of course, practical, empirical, determined by doubt and experiment. Time and time again Blake cried down this notion:

Did Jesus teach doubt? or did he
Give any lessons of Philosophy,
Charge Visionaries with deceiving,
Or call Men wise for not Believing?

On this basis, Blake condemned Bacon's whole philosophical structure. His Divine Philosophy, which preaches the demonstration of God in matter and at the same time denies His immanence, he indicted as outright atheism. His Natural Philosophy, physics and metaphysics, he condemned likewise, for here again man is bending his talents to an understanding of matter, which is only illusion. Bacon always looked at things with his

eyes, never through them, and so his vision was always single. Bacon's third branch, Human Philosophy, which began by banishing imagination from the faculties of the mind, was likewise atheism. Bacon wrote,

... the end of Logic is to teach a form of argument to secure reason, and not to entrap it; the end of Morality is to procure the affections to obey reason, and not to invade it; the end of Rhetoric is to fill the imagination to second reason, and not to oppress it . . .

This was Blake's Urizen triumphant again, the cosmos re-enacted, for here Reason is master of everything he has created, and master, too, of the poetry he dragged down from eternity behind him: the nadir again.

But how Blake must have triumphed when he read the closing pages of the *Advancement*, those dealing with the fourth great division of all man's knowledge, called Divinity, where Bacon must at last admit that reason has its limitations, that in the end, God can only be arrived at by faith, that the pyramid of learning, even though metaphysic be at its top, still leaves a tremendous gap between its highest stone and the golden floor of heaven. This is Blake's victory, and only a completer victory when Bacon continues to say that reason has yet a part in God—in making clear whatever revelation God grants us and in building doctrine thereon. Revelation to Blake consisted of one thing alone, and that was in stating a principle which he insisted needs no elaboration, no explanation—the Everlasting Gospel which we can all understand if only we will, a creed of a single precept, which is the command to love, to understand, to forgive—the essential humanity, Albion unfallen. But it was not strange to Blake that Bacon should not have understood such simplicity, such singleness, for Bacon, with Locke and Newton, was not Albion, who sleeps in Beulah, but his sinking shadow, his material being, and the resolution of all his error.

III.

Thus, almost everything that Blake thought of Bacon was based on the same premises as was that which he thought of Locke and the *Essay of Human Understanding*. The *Essay*, it will be remembered, begins with the famous denial of the theory of in-

nate ideas. Virtue is no God-implanted concept even though it represents the wisdom of God; for our ideas of virtue come to us, as do all ideas, through experience, which teaches that virtue is man's most profitable pursuit; likewise, conscience, which is only the voice of man's experience speaking to him from long-formed habit. Finally, our idea of God is not innate; we discover Him through rational powers, through observation of His creatures in the material universe, deduce His existence from the world He has fashioned and which we have been equipped to perceive. The mind, then, is like "white paper, void of all characters, without any ideas . . ." Blake wrote,

I say on the Contrary that Man Brings All that he has or can have Into the World with him. Man is Born Like a Garden ready Planted & Sown. This World is too poor to produce one Seed.

For mind, to Blake, was imagination, and from it we derive all of our ideas of right—that is, the goodness of instinct, passions, intuition, liberty, energy; and of evil, or error—that is, the falsity of reason, repression, religion, the death of living in Urizen's world.

Locke continues. If we are born unequipped of ideas, all we can come into possession of must be the result of our experience in this world, and experience is of two sorts, sense perception and reflection, inner and outer sensation; and the object of sensation is our one source of ideas. Substance, the essence of matter, is the only province of life which reason, the instrument of sense, cannot approach. Blake's objections are obvious. The reason, bound by the senses, is closed to all real truth, and experience is the contra-state of truth, of eternity, of innocence. As the senses of Urizen were formed, narrowed and closed, the objects about him narrowed and closed, and the light of eternity faded before his shaping eyes. When he framed his laws, the horrified Eternals rained fire upon his head, and he buried himself in a vault of impenetrable matter to save himself from destruction. The vault is all that he can behold, for heaven is shut off from error by error. What is Locke's perception, then, but the perception of error, and his faculties of the understanding but the perverted instruments by which this error is perceived? What are these ideas, simple and complex, these modes, substances, and relations? All

are false; all are the illusion which will be stripped from the creation when at last it is delivered. The essence of matter, the support of matter, Locke admitted, was beyond the penetration of reason. Again, Blake triumphed, for the whole support of the mundane shell was the eternity which reason can never perceive, imagination's province; and Blake's "substance" was not the substance of Locke, which is of matter still, but that "humanity" which "doublevision" perceives and which Christ will gather back into the bosom of God. Locke divides the soul and the body, calls one the thinking part of man, the other the solid part; and it is here that Blake would have cried again, "Man has no Body distinct from his Soul; for that call'd Body is a portion of Soul discern'd by the five Senses, the chief inlets of Soul in this age."

The *Essay* ends with a consideration of the degrees of knowledge, its extent, and its reality. Defining intuitive, demonstrative, and sensitive knowledge, and concluding that our certain knowledge is extremely limited, Locke passes on to his discussion of faith and revelation. Faith, he asserts, should not be opposed to reason and to knowledge. The difference is only that we arrive at knowledge by one path and at faith by another. This other is revelation, and faith is no more than reason's assent to the discoveries of revelation. On the other hand, reason is more certain than revelation, since the latter is subject to the imaginations and the fancies of men given to chimeras; further, revelation can never be admitted against the evidence of reason, for that would be to subvert the entire basis of knowledge, which is, after all, just as divine as true revelation though less immediate. When revelation is not subjected to reason, it becomes enthusiasm, than which there is no greater sin, the path of all men's errors. Blake must have known that Locke's thorough indictment of enthusiasm was an indictment of everything he himself worshipped, of everything he himself represented. Revelation is most of mysticism, the immediate discovery of eternal verities, which is what Blake called imagination and which he worshipped as man's only divine gift. All men's earthly faculties are nothing beside it and can have no part in it. But Locke held that mere faith is no proof of revelation's validity, that before the mind gives its assent, revelation must be adjudged of reason; and this is the atheism to which

Blake believed that all philosophy must finally lead one, for here even the word of God is held up to the false light of man's rationalism, made the subject of doubt, and that was the lamentable heresy of Urizen.

IV.

It is unlikely that Blake had any actual knowledge of Sir Isaac Newton's writings, for he was a man of almost no formal education, and it would seem that even a prophet is incapable of arriving at an intuitive understanding of calculus. His knowledge of Newton must have consisted either of the general information in possession of the vulgar or of his gleanings from some comparatively simple outline of science or popular exegesis of Newton's theories. He would have needed no more for his purposes, and there is nothing in his references to Newton that would lead one to suppose he had more. His actual knowledge of Newton's work probably consisted of no more than a vague idea of his contribution to science and only a slightly less vague idea of his contribution to metaphysics. But Newton was the greatest scientist in the England of his day, and his influence on scientific speculation was so vital, so tremendous, that propositions he held for the world in the century following his life were nothing short of gigantic. It was only likely, then, that it was Newton who should have become in Blake's system the symbol of all scientific investigation, and that this investigation was no more to him than the practice of the atheism that Bacon and Locke preached. Science, like philosophy, is falsehood, for "All that is Valuable in Knowledge is Superior to Demonstrative Science, such as is Weighed or Measured."

The two aspects of Newton's method, the mathematical and the empirical, and his constant impatience with hypotheses, made of him the first great positivist; but to Blake, the two aspects of Newton's method were the most necessary instruments of Satan in triumphing over the world and Newton's positivistic knowledge was Satan's holy book of errors. "God forbid that Truth should be Confined to Mathematical Demonstration!" he cried. And of empiricism:

You don't believe—I won't attempt to make ye:
You are asleep—I won't attempt to wake ye.
Sleep on, sleep on! while in your pleasant dreams
Of Reason you may drink of Life's clear streams.
Reason and Newton, they are quite two things;
For so the Swallow & the Sparrow sings.
Reason says "Miracle": Newton says "Doubt."
Aye! that's the way to make all Nature out.
"Doubt, Doubt, & don't believe without experiment":
That is the very thing that Jesus meant,
When he said, "Only Believe! Believe & try!
"Try, Try, & never mind the Reason why."

For real science, to Blake, was not the science of Newton, but was true knowledge, and true knowledge was derived from conscience (con-science), which was God in man, imagination. That narrow body of certain knowledge to which Newton's positivism confined him, was then, once more, the error of the created universe, the original sin, the preoccupation with matter which is Satanic delusion, atheism.

The law of universal gravitation was the principle which finally reduced the whole cosmos to mathematical rule, and it threw man down finally from any pedestal on which previous systems might have enthroned him to make of him a puny observer of a tremendous mechanical drama. Space and time as we know them ceased to be of real importance; absolute space and absolute time, which are eternal and infinite, which are God and the will of God, replaced older faiths. Newton's God is the creator and the preserver of the mathematical order of his universe, a god arrived at by scientific speculation, the great mechanist and the god of mechanism.

In the Newtonian order, the world, so beautiful to the senses, consists of extended bodies which, in turn, consist of extended atoms. Man in the world is likewise an extended body, atomically composed. Anything we can think of as soul is locked up in the brain, in a tiny chamber known as the *sensorium*, and here, not in matter itself, are confined all the secondary qualities of the world, and the world itself is only a barren wasteland in a mathematical universe.

Is it strange that Blake should have hated Newton as the good man always hates the devil? Or that he should have found in man's reasoning powers, in philosophy and science, man's curse;

or that he should have scorned Christianity and all the religions of the world when it was this to which they were finally reduced? Was it in jest or in utter bitterness that, late in life, he began his parody of the Lord's Prayer, "Our Father Augustus Caesar, who art in these thy Substantial Astronomical Telescopic Heavens, Holiness to thy Name . . ."? That Newton had discovered Urizen's universe was true enough; that Urizen was a mechanist who preserved a mechanistic order was equally true; but that this Urizen, remote, unattainable, cold, expressing his will in absolute time, perceiving his works in absolute space, should be worshipped as the one true God, the Eternal Humanity, who descended into the world and became one of us and suffered inexpressible agony on the tree of Urizen to save and to regenerate souls locked up in matter and lead them back into those realms of light where all flowed back again into the single and the eternal Man who lies in the bosom of God—this was the error and the curse that sprang from the heavenly revolt and the original fall.

V.

Urizen was no deliberate villain; immortal longings urged him to struggle toward his idea of perfection. But Urizen was only a single part of the Man, and, stirring restlessly in his necessary subservience, he destroyed the harmony of Albion's qualties. Then he began to act, alone, without his brothers, and this was his only fault; but it brought the heavens crashing and ended in the creation of Albion's multitudinous shadows on the earth and in their consequent worship of Urizen as the one god. The creation was the will of the unfallen Eternals, and an act of mercy, for in creation, matter is fixed, errors are limited, and, when they have reached the limits of contraction, can be cast out. Then, by the divine light, original union in eternity will once more come about, and Urizen, the fallen and divided, with all of his brothers, will return to the celestial throne and all humanity in the universe will be gathered together again in the body of the Man:

All Human Forms identified, even Tree, Metal, Earth, & Stone: all Human Forms identified, living, going forth & returning wearied Into the Planetary lives of Years, Months, Days & Hours; reposing, And then Awaking into his Bosom in the Life of Immortality.

So, too, Bacon and Locke and Newton were no deliberate villains. They worshipped Urizen, they proclaimed the doctrine of Satan, but they were, ultimately, essential to the divine purpose. Though Newton, the spirit of materialism, slew the angels in the creation, and, with his two fellows, worked through all the years of the world to dissuade men from the only truth, he was but following, in his important way, the command of the divine mercy—limiting, contracting, making possible the ultimate expulsion of error. And so, finally, on the last day, Bacon and Locke and Newton appear in the heavens with Milton and Chaucer and Shakespeare, all agents of the Eternals, sent into death to guide men back into life.

All that Bacon and Locke and Newton said, then, summarized man's errors in the grave, and all of that error, once formulated, would be cast off, to be flung back into the realms of nothingness with Satan, who is nothing, leaving souls bare, leaving a universe of long-imprisoned, long-congealed humanity free to find its way up through the cracked dome of the grave and back to "Heaven's gate Built in Jerusalem's wall," and back still further to the Man, and to God, divine imagination reassembled into the initial harmony that includes all right, all truth, all beauty, and all love.

by Karl E. Harrison

A PANORAMA IN JUNE

Tennessee, rolling and green under a summer sun.
Tennessee, with a million fields trellised with trees,
Under low white clouds.
Tennessee, with tree-mossed mountains
Bouldering above the pastures.
Nashville, squatting on a hill,
And sliding off to the fields.

Indiana, when the moon appears
Wiping the clouds from the horizon.
Indiana, level as a floor,
With a few lone trees poking up into the night.
Evansville, chock-full of cabooses,
And spreading little bell claps under the moon.

Missouri, mother of mountains and rounding hills,
Light soil and sand stone.
The wheat comes crawling out of the West,
Wandering to the heart of Missouri.
St. Louis, spreading out across the earth,
Rubbing bellies with the Mississippi.

Kansas, and the sky is high, and the soil is black.
Kansas, where one stands on a knoll,
And the wheat fields spread off out of sight.
Going through Kansas into the West,
The engine bucks its head and snorts at the sun,
And plows through Kansas.

The little elephant-rump hills of Colorado,
As if a boy-God had played in the sand.
Then gradually out of the ground, rise the Rockies,
That seem the edge-wall of the world.
Denver, clear as the morning,
Mountain conscious, mountain foreboded.
Denver, frail beneath the mountains.

Nebraska, cradler of stock and barns and windmills:
Hay maker, wheat matted.
Lincoln, with one tall steeple as the sun crawls down.
Omaha, rising smoky and grim over the muddy Missouri.
Omaha, one pale star hangs over your head.

Iowa, and the towns are asleep,
And the fields are asleep,
And lightning quivers away in the North.

Illinois, and the morning rises on broken feet
Over field and farm.
Illinois, under the clouds.
Illinois, drinking the rain.
Chicago, pushing to the edge of the water.
Chicago, encroaching upon the prairie.
Chicago, stacking up stone at the sky.

Kentucky smells like the South.
The warm, moist night that closes in about the train
Brings smells of wet clover;
And fireflies swarm among the hollows.

Alabama swabbed with dew,
Dripping from the trees at the night's ending.
Lovely Alabama, dripping with the dawn
As the sun comes reeking up out of Georgia
Birmingham, valley-man.

by Robert Withington

THE SAGE OF DUBDON

A CRITICAL NOTE ON G. B. SHAW

IT is hard to localize Mr. George B. Shaw, but as he was born in Dublin and has lived in London, one can combine the two cities. He likes to think of himself as the modern Shakespeare—in fact, he has not hesitated to regard the development of the drama from Shakespeare to Shaw in the nature of a climax. It is sometimes difficult to refrain from the temptation to spell Mr. Shaw's name with an initial P; this would be silent in the pronunciation. If one compares the *Sage of Dubdon* with an Elizabethan, it would not be with the Bard of Avon; rather it would be with Ben Jonson. In the first place, both wrote satirical comedies. It is true that Shakespeare wrote comedies, too; but satire, when present in Shakespeare, is not important, and is always good-natured. Jonson tried his hand at tragedy, but not successfully; and neither the Elizabethan nor the modern Georgian is as comprehensive as the master-dramatic. Shakespeare wrote all sorts of plays: melodrama, farce, romantic, fantastic, and high comedy, tragedy, chronic-history—turning into tragedy through *Richard the Second* and into comedy through *Henry the Fourth*—and there are even touches of the “comedy of humours” in such figures as Silence, Shallow, Bardolph and Pistol. Jonson made his mark in this latter kind of comedy, excelling in satire. Surely no history of modern satire could fail at least to mention Mr. Shaw.

Then, again, both Shaw and Jonson despised—or affected to despise—the public by whom they made their living. One suspects that both the Elizabethan and the Victorian publics liked being despised. Few other men of letters dare to show such contempt for their audiences or readers—not even Hazlitt, who, in a famous passage, attacked the public in a way that his readers automatically ruled themselves out of the diatribe. However strongly

Jonson felt about the uselessness of popular support and approval (from an artistic viewpoint), he did modify his practice as time went on, changing imperceptibly from classical to realistic satire, to meet the taste of the times; and if Shaw's plays are not meeting the taste of to-day, he has only himself to blame. No "War of the Theatres" has trained him to desert his earlier ideals, although he has (like Buckingham and Sheridan before him) put the critics on the stage. One wonders how important, from the box-office point of view, the critics may be; one also wonders how much serious attention Shakespeare paid to the dicta of these arbiters of taste.¹

Jonson is known as the father of the "comedy of humours"—the comedy centering about an eccentric individual, who is all but abnormal. In this respect—as far as characterization goes—he has been likened to Dickens. Not all of Dickens's characters are eccentric, perhaps, but it is the queer ones who stand out: the normal heroes and heroines—the John Westlocks and Frank Cheerybles, the Madeline Brays, Agnes Wickfields, and Rose Flemings—are colorless. Again, Dickens might be called a hyphen linking Shaw and Jonson, for if his characters are more or less Jonsonian, his novels are not without a touch of Shavian propaganda. He, like Shaw, wished to correct the evils of his day, though his attacks were directed against Marshalseas and Dotheboy Halls rather than against a moral shortsightedness which put the cart before the horse. Now that many of the abuses against which Dickens directed his shafts have been corrected, we can still read his work with pleasure; one wonders if the same may be said of Shaw in seventy-five years. Like Shaw in his early days, Ibsen shocked; but once the shock evaporated, we find in Ibsen's plays much left; the problems are not all settled yet, and the people—seen in their Scandinavian environment—are human. Shaw's people are not, one is almost tempted to thank God; one may even question whether they are alive. Not even he, by dressing individuals in buff and blue, can turn them into American colonials, fighting for their liberties; hearing *The Devil's Disciple*, one listens to modern Irishmen. It takes more than uniforms and

¹Incidentally, both Jonson and Shaw appear in the field of criticism themselves.

Colonial costume to make revolutionary New Englanders,² just as it takes more than an initial Sh—to make a dramatist, despite Shakespeare, Shirley, Sheridan, and (perhaps) Shelley.

Jonson, like Shaw, was not interested in creating human beings; his people are types, changing from classical to realistic—and perhaps the latter approach the individual. Like Shaw's people, they talk rather than act; and no matter how clever the dialogue may be on the stage, the public has always demanded action in a play. One can hardly call the more or less brilliant repartée in Swift's *Polite Conversation* dramatic; there is no plot, and no coherent characterization. Instead of seeking first the characters in a situation from which subsequent situations develop normally, both Jonson and Shaw put their dramatic personæ into situations, and move them throughout the play as puppets might be moved; one feels that with Jonson the dialogue is the most important element in the play, and with Shaw—important as his dialogue is—the “idea” behind the play is of supreme moment. Once the ideas expressed in Shaw's plays were new; they gave the mental stimulus which is often confused with thought, and the public was startled by a Wildean paradox (perhaps unconsciously initiated); but as soon as the ideas become accepted, Shaw will enjoy the immortality of a Jonson, who is now little known except by students of the drama. He will not share the historical importance of Jonson, and I doubt whether he will influence subsequent writers as Jonson undoubtedly did. Udall, before Jonson, had written classical satirical comedy, but it was Jonson who inspired the seventeenth-century comedy before and after the Closing of the Theatres. Whatever the writers of Restoration comedy gained from Molière was in line with this Jonsonian precedent, and one suspects that the gifted Frenchman's influence on the English stage has been overrated. Like Udall and Jonson, Molière goes back to the Latin comedy; but Fletcher and Shirley, Middleton and Massinger, were already pointing the way to Wycherley and

²One can hardly say that Shaw visited the United States when he glimpsed our Western coast, and spoke over the radio from New York; the story goes that he hesitated long to see even so much of us, because he had a preconceived idea of America, and did not wish to observe how much the reality differed from this conception. One suspects that he has a preconceived idea of humanity, and is not interested to note how much the God-created man differs from his own.

Congreve—who, in turn, help to bridge the gap between Jonson and Shaw.

One can hardly call Shaw an “unconscious dramatist”. He is full of theories, and does not let us forget them. The same is true of Jonson, and if Carlyle is right in considering the conscious artist inferior to the unconscious, then both Jonson and Shaw take second rank. It is, of course, obvious that the unconscious artist is not always of the first rank; the child, drawing happily, untrammelled by artistic rules, can hardly expect to find his picture in the Luxembourg when he is done with it. But the pianist, painfully conscious of his fingering, is not a welcome figure on the concert stage; and there is much to be said for the Shakespeare who writes because he has it in him; who is not aware of doing anything special, and who takes no glory for his accomplishment. One suspects that both Jonson and Shaw, for all their contempt of the public, are willing to pick up whatever glory they can get; and Jonson, at any rate, was so sure that his way of writing plays was the best—if not the only—one, that he sought to force his rules on his contemporaries. Mr. Shaw—a law unto himself—has not taken that trouble.

Jonson could, it is true, see value in his contemporaries, even if they did not come up to his standards. He wrote a stirring tribute to Shakespeare, which was printed in the First Folio. However much he differed from his great fellow-dramatist in matters of art, he could at least appreciate the Bard’s accomplishment. It was Shaw who coined the contemptuous “bardo-lator”, as if those who appreciated Shakespeare were worshipping a lifeless idol. Modern scholarship, it is beginning to be evident, tends rather to take Shakespeare from his pedestal, to regard him in the light of an Elizabethan among Elizabethans—an artist far from faultless though still great; and even Shaw would admit that it is not fair to judge any dramatist—himself included—in the light of subsequent achievement. We know that we must take into account the theatre for which the playwright prepares his product; we must study the stage conventions of his age, and understand (as far as we can) his audiences. Shakespeare fares ill in a Belasco setting, and one may wonder how Shaw will fare on the stage of three hundred years from now. It does him no harm to

dream of the great actresses of the future looking to Saint Joan like actors of past centuries (down to our own time) on Hamlet—as a part to test their powers; but one may ask whether in 2234 A.D. his chronicle-play will not be as dead as those of his greater predecessor.

Why do Shakespeare's comedies and tragedies hold stage and reader while the plays of Jonson are relegated to classroom and closet, when they have any life at all? The age which Jonson satirized has passed away, and there is not enough of the universally human in his comedies to keep them alive. Neither Jonson nor Shaw treats humanity with the sympathy—or the poetry—which Shakespeare shows in his romantic dramas (all the world continues to love a lover); audiences, if not readers, like to have action in the plays they patronize, and neither Shaw nor Jonson is as much concerned with plot as with dialogue. If Shakespeare hides himself behind his characters and situations, both Jonson and Shaw never let us forget their personalities, which neither playwright is great enough to conceal. Johnson was the literary dictator of his day, and Shaw dictates to us, though we do not always heed him (any more than Jacobean London heeded Ben). One suspects that, as time goes on, as it ceases to be a sign of hypselometropy to care for the paradoxes of the Sage of Dubdon, his voice will get weaker (even as did Ben's), and at last his name will echo in the history of the drama only in the ears of graduate students, searching for academic credit. Shaw does not penetrate so deeply into the vices and follies of society which occupied Jonson; though greed is a deep-rooted vice which has not yet been eradicated, *Volpone* has become a literary curiosity—not even a great actor could make it more. It would be as interesting as it is impossible to witness the treatment Shaw will receive at the hands of posterity.

It is, perhaps, in the nature of things that the writer of comedy has not as much "expectation of immortality" as the tragic poet: for the latter, as Masefield says, looks at the heart of life, while the other deals with the brain. The appeal to the emotions is always stronger than the appeal to the intellect; sorrow is a deeper emotion than joy—and a more ennobling one. Amending Bacon, one might say that the virtue of comedy is prosperity, while that

of tragedy is adversity—the nobler virtue. Tragedy is rooted in ethics, while comedy is more concerned with manners and customs—always nearer the surface of life; and where Jonson and Shaw do not get below them, they are of more ephemeral interest. The writer of comedy looks on life objectively—and we accept his point of view; if he becomes too sympathetic, the comedy evaporates. As one profound critic has said, life is a comedy to those who think—a tragedy to those who feel.

This being true, it may be asked if there is any comedy with a permanent appeal. The name, at least, of Aristophanes is still known; Shakespeare's comedies—as well as those by Sheridan and Goldsmith—hold popular favor, and Molière is played in France and occasionally elsewhere. Cervantes, perhaps, has as much tragedy as comedy for those who look beneath the surface; and it is they who keep him alive. We are not, in general, attracted by the comedies which show no sympathy for humanity; a good rollicking farce will pall on constant repetition, and a cutting satire loses its edge when the conditions satirized pass away. Society has a habit of changing; ideals alter; these changes militate against even a tragedy which is no more deeply rooted than the surface of life. If Shaw's work is not destined to last, it will but follow the labors of other writers of comedy; like so much else, it carries within it the seeds of its own destruction. The Sage of Dubdon appears to us in cap and bells; the Swan of Avon sings an imperishable poetry, expressing an inexhaustible love of humanity, with all its failings. He does not get angry with our shortcomings; and while we may (with Dryden) admire Jonson, we love Shakespeare. We can never love Shaw; and if we admire him, we must admit that he is by no means the man that Jonson was; he stays nearer the surface of life, and (like Dickens) carries his fight on an economic rather than a moral level. Jonson (more like Thackeray) penetrates the moral sphere; it is Shakespeare who reaches the soul of man, and there we keep him.

by R. W. Babcock

HAMLET

HAMLET. Wilson J. Dover, Ed. Cambridge University, 1934. Pp. xcix and 290.

From 1921 through 1931, from *The Tempest* through *the Winter's Tale*, appeared the first fourteen volumes of the New Cambridge Shakespeare, the Comedies, edited by Messrs. A. Quiller-Couch and J. Dover Wilson, Englishmen of distinction in *belles lettres* and education, respectively. The methods instituted by these men, though subjected yearly to much scholarly debate, have nevertheless established an essentially valid point of departure in the re-editing of Shakespeare—one that has produced, furthermore, some extremely interesting results. These methods have been explained by Mr. Dover Wilson himself both in the textual introduction to *The Tempest* and in the *Modern Language Review* for October, 1930. They have been discussed also, in general, by Mr. Percy Simpson in the *Oxford Bibliographical Society Proceedings*, I, Pt. 1 (1922-3), and by M. P. Alexander in *The Review of English Studies* for January, 1933. A vigorous attack on the edition appeared in *The Philological Quarterly* for April, 1931, by Dr. S. A. Tannenbaum.

In its essence the procedure implies, as Mr. Dover Wilson has pointed out, the acceptance of three criteria, not all of which are undebatable: (1) Mr. A. Pollard's adjudications on good and bad quartos (in his books of 1909, 1917, etc.) with the accompanying corollary that the good quartos are nearest Shakespeare's autograph and hence most important; (2) Mr. Percy Simpson's idea (in *Shakespearian Punctuation*, 1911) that the Folio and Quartos contain Elizabethan dramatic punctuation; (3) Sir E. M. Thompson's claim (proposed in *Shakespeare's Handwriting*, in 1916) that one of the MS hands in *Sir Thomas More* is Shakespeare's. The last two of these points have aroused great objections and hence are probably less valuable than the first, which in itself has produced some astonishing developments. As the editors themselves remark, it enables one to look over Shakespeare's shoulder

and see the poet in the actual revision of a play. Here Mr. Dover Wilson is at his best, and his conclusions have been extremely suggestive.

His most startling discovery, and probably the most beautiful illustration of the new bibliographical method in action, appeared in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, where on pages 80-86 of the New Cambridge Edition he showed how the compositor's mislining of the Fisher Quarto text betrayed Shakespeare in the very process of revision. Similarly, by "attention to alternating prose and verse (in the quarto texts), to broken lines, to crowded lines and cramped additions, to incorrect alignment, to changes in diction from old words to new, and to improvements in spelling and grammar¹," as well as by other direct, brilliant, common-sense arguments (for example, see *As You Like It* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*) he has throughout the comedies again and again startled the reader into totally new points of view as to the exegesis and implications of the Shakespearean text. One should read these Cambridge volumes and realize that an essentially new, and most penetrating, type of analysis is turning some old ideas of these plays quite upside down.

Mr. Dover Wilson now moves, with some trepidation obviously, to *Hamlet*, quitting the Folio sequence, and at the same time "dropping the pilot", Mr. Quiller-Couch, to whom this volume is dedicated. The long introduction to this text, twenty-six pages of double columns in galley proof ("The present volume is more than twice the length of any of its fourteen predecessors"), refers immediately to the 'note on the copy', which in previous volumes occupied only "a few pages" but which in this play has filled two volumes already published as *The Manuscript of Shakespeare's 'Hamlet' and the Problems of Its Transmission*, the fourth monograph in the sequence of *Shakespeare Problems*, edited by Messrs. A. W. Pollard and J. Dover Wilson. These two volumes, plus the present Cambridge edition, form the first two stages of Mr. Dover Wilson's study of *Hamlet*. The third step will be a "full consideration of the dramatic problems" in *What Happens in 'Hamlet'*, "Which is now being prepared and will appear shortly."

¹The reviewer is quoting from his own article on the text of *Richard III* in *Studies in Philology*, April, 1927, p. 249.

In the Preface to this two-volume 'note on the copy' Mr. Dover Wilson remarks that he began the "study of the text of Shakespeare's *Hamlet* . . . in the autumn of 1917 as a diversion from the anxieties of the tensest months of the Great War" and that "The whole enterprise has been carried through in the scanty leisure hours of an otherwise busy man" . . . The result of such "leisure hours" are of course distinctly significant. Mr. Dover Wilson insists that the three points of view—textual, exegetic, and dramatic—should be carried along simultaneously—hence the three studies of *Hamlet*; and he goes on to note his occasional, preliminary studies in 1918, 1924, and 1930. Through it all appears his increasing interest in the Second Quarto as the most important text: "in the Second Quarto we possess what may, without undue presumption, be described as a typographical facsimile, however vilely printed, of the autograph manuscript of the greatest play in the world. I had set out to discover what sort of wild ass had perpetrated the ridiculous text of 1603, and I found myself before the citadel of Shakespeare's kingdom." All this is quite consistent with the New Cambridge methods outlined above. These two volumes contain no chapter on the bad quarto of 1603, but rather a comparison of the Folio and Second Quarto texts (Chapter II and III). The fourth chapter of volume I outlines the problem of Shakespeare's handling of the promptbook. Volume II is entitled *Editorial Problems and Solutions*, and treats of "The Framework of the Text", "The Choice of Variants", and "Emendation". There are five appendices, two of which do mention Quarto I. To sum up, the Second Quarto offers "a text so superior in subtlety and beauty to the text of the Folio . . . as to constitute in effect a new and surprising revelation of Shakespeare's genius", and the two volumes^{*} which present this thesis "are intended to serve as a Textual Introduction to the edition of the play for 'The New Shakespeare'". We are now ready to return to this new edition.

Mr. Dover Wilson's long Introduction to the play is divided into six sections: the first explains the necessity and interrelation of the editor's three different studies of *Hamlet* mentioned above; the second discusses the sources of the play; the third summarizes

^{*}See review of these two volumes in the *London Times "Literary Supplement,"* August 16, 1934.

the first study, *The Transmission of the MS.*; the fourth shows the value of new commentary based on the *N.E.D.*; the fifth takes up some dramatic points; and the last gives a few remarks on *Hamlet's* character and the hero's relation to the Earl of Essex. Of all these the fourth is perhaps the most stimulating and the sixth the most futile; the first and third have already been referred to above.

In the discussion of the sources—a discussion supposed to be strictly objective but never wholly so—Mr. Wilson's developments of the Kyd play is decidedly the most interesting, especially in its use of the new material of the Danish scholar, Osterberg. But the editor fails to note that the murder was an open affair in both Saxo and Belleforest (and not in Kyd), and his plea for a minor Italian source depreciates Claudius too much. In his third section, the fact that he believes the Folio "a transcript of a transcript" and the Second Quarto a text "from the original manuscript" gives him a new point of departure in editing *Hamlet* from the Second Quarto. He declares that *Hamlet* is the first play he had edited which has *two* good texts but that all editors from Rowe on were wrong as to which was the better. As the *Transmission* volume has taken care of strictly textual notes, his notes in this edition can be devoted to historical allusions, "intellectual sources", and especially to the exposition of verbal quibbles and meanings (a glossary also aids in this matter). This third section incidentally gives good illustrations of Mr. Wilson's manipulation of variants, emendations, and particularly punctuation, which he insists is Shakespeare's own in this Second Quarto. He even refuses to relinquish his interest in Shakespeare's penmanship, as suggested above. All of this is quite typical of his previous editing in this series.

The fourth section, explaining the value of a knowledge of quibbles (which in Shakespeare are "like a musical chord"—shades of Dryden!) in terms of the *N.E.D.* and of the predilection of Shakespeare's own period is certainly appealing, especially to one who loves puns. It encroaches a little on Miss Spurgeon's field of Shakespeare's imagery without definite recognition of this scholar's work, and at times it seems to go a bit too far (see the "enseamed" paragraph). But it settles the "antic-disposition"

business once for all and saves *Hamlet* from any aspersions on his "table-book" activity.

The fifth section to go astray a little because Mr. Wilson has deserted his forte, bibliographical criticism, and set out to attack historical critics. He announces that literature is not life, an idea which Mr. Stoll elucidated some time ago, and then proceeds to attack Mr. Stoll. He shows very little understanding of the full scope of Mr. Stoll's methods for he lumps our American critic with Mr. J. M. Robertson on *Hamlet* and nowhere mentions Mr. Stoll's summary of Elizabethan dramatic conventions. One might suggest that he had no intention of doing so because he wanted to develop the idea of Elizabethan dramatic devices himself: how much he owes to Mr. Granville Barker on Elizabethan staging is another matter. He seems to think he is the first man ever to discover the importance of the fact that the Ghost might be a devil, though Mr. Kittredge was teaching that idea, with great emphasis, at least twenty-five years ago; and Mr. Stoll himself also uses it. However, when Mr. Wilson gets back to his own field of action and elucidates on the use of textual stage direction to solve the nunnery scene, he is quite clever, if not wholly plausible.

The sixth section is largely a shrill and rather contemptible shriek against Mr. Stoll, who, having anticipated most of Mr. Wilson's historical ideas, has disturbed the British editor, as American critics do sometimes. Mr. Wilson has apparently never read Stoll thoroughly, or he never would have written, "Professor Stoll . . . is turning the weapons of the 'historical' critics against themselves, against his own self of earlier books". The British editor should read Mr. Stoll's "earlier books" (and articles?), and then perhaps he will not write again such a disagreeable sentence as the one directly following the above: "Yet his [Mr. Stoll's] thesis is the veriest moonshine that ever bemused a scholar's brain". Mr. Wilson himself shows no knowledge of Elizabethan melancholy with relation to procrastination, a knowledge which either Mr. Stoll or Miss Amy Louise Reed might have taught him. In short, his crude attack on Mr. Stoll throughout this sixth section is unworthy of a great British scholar.

To sum up, Mr. Dover Wilson is probably right that his textual

prolegomena must precede aesthetic criticism of *Hamlet* (he is himself one of his despised 'historical' critics), yet when he writes, "I am not so foolish as to posit finality for any one of the three studies, but I can at least claim that the method they exemplify is sound and has never before been tried," he should add, perhaps, "by one and the same man".* And one wonders in the light of his unstable dramatic criticism in sections V and VI above, just what his third study will be worth.

Finally, there is a "Stage History of *Hamlet*" by Harold Child included in the edition, which, though quite full (amazingly so for the eighteenth century), curiously enough shows a predilection at the end for the Folio text rather than the Second Quarto: these two British editors should coöperate better. John Barrymore is completely omitted—another British fling?—together with Ben Greet's First Quarto production; and the September, (1934) *PMLA* publishes the discovery of Garrick's alteration, the existence of which Mr. Child has apparently never heard of. In a stage history the present reviewer, incidentally, would like to know how much dramatic criticism influenced the actors 'interpretation'; Mr. Child never touches this. It appears from this long stage history, however, that Mr. Stoll was about right in his idea that no actor before Kemble sentimentalized *Hamlet*; Wilks alone came close to it. Harold Child's own idea is that *Hamlet* should be played as "a gentleman and a scholar". Why, by the way, did not Mr. Child dig up the American article on why "the Ghost walks" (*Philological Quarterly*, April, 1925)? In these times of depression one wants to know more about such things.

*Mr. John Upton, way back in 1746 and 1748, anticipated some of Mr. Wilson's choicest ideas. See Book II, Sect. 15, for example, of Upton's *Critical Observations on Shakespeare*. And Upton leans a little heavily on a distinguished predecessor, Mr. Lewis Theobald.

by Arthur E. DuBois

ERASMUS LAUGHS

ERASMUS OF ROTTERDAM. By Stefan Zweig, translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Paul. New York: The Viking Press, 1934. Pp. 248.

Everything fits into the picture. Erasmus is physically weak, cold, cowardly, but intellectually honest, strong, warm, bookish. As an individualist he is a first Protestant, one of the fathers of the Reformation, but as a bookish man, something of a mummy, he would not or could not act, and so Luther usurped his place as head man in 16th-century Europe.

Zweig's *Erasmus of Rotterdam* has all the freshness and validity of an over-simplification which does no notable outrage to conventional notions and which by being consistent secures unusual emphases. Like Erasmus himself, Zweig lights up rather than solves problems, and in the process says many shrewd things:

An Erasmus, who was a seeker, a collector, a commentator, and a compromiser, could not find his material within himself but had to pick it up in the exterior world . . . Objective minds are usually lacking in self-confidence. Doubt comes only too easily to ruffle their clear surfaces, men of that calibre are given to reflecting upon the arguments set before them;

or

Erasmus could remain faithful to no one but himself . . . he was content to insist that the true essence of Christian piety could not be found in outward observance, but that the measure of a man's faith lay within him . . . A free and independent man, which refuses to be bound by any dogma and declines to join any party, never finds a home upon this earth.

Erasmus of Rotterdam rises to the point of drama, if not of art, in biography when it relates the antagonisms of Erasmus and Luther, pointing out that at Worms and later at Augsburg, if Erasmus had been a man of action, his thin hands alone might

have modelled a face for European culture different from anything we know.

In short, *Erasmus of Rotterdam* is exciting and, on the whole, right enough. Yet especially since it is an over-simplification I do not find it sufficiently definite, and one can be definite without being only a nominalist. Behind a rather loose use of words, which might be scored to the translators, is a kind of confusion or vagueness of estimate which must be charged to Zweig himself.

For example, Zweig calls Erasmus a humanist and, since he sticks to facts even though he interprets them, describes him as one. Yet he also calls Erasmus an exponent of reason, and seems therefore to involve himself in an apparent contradiction of terms, and he relates Erasmus's "steering between opposite systems" to a natural pusillanimity rather than to consistency as a humanistic thinker, which seems to be a contradiction in judgments even though physical weakness may have been an original cause of Erasmus' humanism. In short, often diction, facts, judgments seem at variance, one hardly motivating the other. Accordingly, when Zweig comes to discuss "Erasmus' Legacy" he seems to me to have little to say. To be sure, world unity may still be an ideal, but wherefore? To be sure, Rabelais acknowledged Erasmus as his intellectual father, but why?

The fact is, Erasmus was the ideal humanist and an excellent humorist. And his legacy to us is within the definitions of those facts.

Of course, everyone is a humanist in nearly every field in which he does not specialize. The real humanist is the person who will let neither work interfere with pleasure nor pleasure interfere with work. The ideal humanist is the person who insists upon being only human, neither animal nor angel, and whose only business is to be human—that is his specialty—to be therefore articulate and to leave behind him a record of his humanity accordingly, so that his humanism will not have been only real and fleeting but ideal and lasting.

Such persons require of life that it shall satisfy human beings spiritually, intellectually and physically; that it shall produce men of parts, not men of pieces; and that therefore it shall cultivate in all human beings a harmonious functioning of all human fac-

ulties,—sensation, passion, and reason. If the humanist says he relies on reason he means by reason not what the Stoic, metaphysician, or scholastic understands, but something like "sweet reason", "wit" (in the old sense of good natural endowments not inconsistent with birth and breeding), or "the illative sense". Or he means "commonsense" which inevitably comes to be the faculty mainly relied on—not too much reason, passion, or sensation.

Now, Erasmus' legacy to us is first his personality as a humanist, an exponent of commonsense, of the human midway between the brute and the godly, and his expression of that personality. He was therefore Catholic, acknowledging his brotherhood with all mankind, neither animal nor angelic. He was therefore Protestant, refusing to be drawn into any scheme of things that made man more or less than human or led to the non-cultivation of any one of his healthy faculties. Unlike Luther, Erasmus deemed "human affairs" more important than "divine things." He was therefore a part of the Renaissance, not of the Reformation, the one a unifying, conciliating movement, the other a schismatic, fanatic movement. Erasmus was too Catholic to be Protestant, too Protestant to be Catholic. And at need he had the physical courage to declare himself content to be humanist rather than Protestant or Catholic even though the declaration cost him honors from either side, endangered his life, and made him a wanderer. He was human and refused to be anything more or less.

As a humanist his completest self-expression was in the *Praise of Folly*. Not necessarily by direct influence, though both Swift and Pope knew, admired, and were conditioned by it, this work is a legacy to all humanists, a record of a kind of experience they must undergo, a kind of autobiographical experience which must parallel theirs. Lineal descendants of this book are Section IX, on madness, of Swift's *Tale of a Tub* and Pope's *Essay on Man*. The crux in all three works is, the attitude taken toward the passions which Stoics and Churchmen were inclined to condemn unreservedly as beginning in self-love, signifying ignorance, and ending in romanticism, folly, or madness. Accordingly, the Catholic or Protestant or the Senecan Stoic might condemn all humankind as passion-ridden and exhibit them with Brandt and his translators as a *Ship-load of Fools*.

Erasmus agreed that passion made one romantic, foolish, or mad, but he insisted also that passion was a main mover to all good, and so he praised folly, took the commonsense view that, being bad and good, passion was neither. Like More's *Utopia*, *Encomium Moriae* recommended a human cultivation of proper human emotion in a commonwealth of human beings neither German nor French, Protestant nor Catholic, Stoic nor Epicurean.

The trouble with the humanist point of view, the reliance upon commonsense, is twofold. First, it provides him only with a standard of measurement, of criticism, not a means of progress, of creation, and makes a collector rather than an innovator out of him. Accordingly, when the humanist is confronted with the necessity of living in a mediaeval or a modern world, since he approves one as much as the other commonsensibly but since he is already used to the former, invariably he will choose the mediaeval. And so, *American Reviews* are impotently reactionary. So, too, Erasmus felt at home among the Catholics. If the necessity of choice does not arise, moreover, the humanist position, unless strengthened by laughter signifying reconciliation to the mediaeval and the modern, is still ambiguous. Accordingly, a T. S. Eliot is neither Lutheran nor Catholic, but Anglican!

Second, the ideal humanist's business is to become articulate, to become therefore a man of letters. He is therefore likely to be bookish. Though he recommends a life of body and mind, since the latter is more neglected, he is forced to cultivate in himself and others the mind more than the body. Physical enjoyment comes to be his crying need, the thing he wants, just as his talking so much of "intuition" is probably symptomatic of his rebellion against being only the collector his peculiar genius makes him. In the presence of persons enjoying themselves physically, the humanist becomes a lost being—full of envy, reproach, admiration, self-doubting—and distrusts his own over-stressed intellectuality.

Erasmus was also the humorist. His humor counterbalanced his intellectuality. And as a humorist he parts company with wits like Swift and Pope to enlist in his party Rabelais, Shakespeare of *Twelfth Night*, the author of the Epistle to Democritus Junior, Lucian, Peacock, Thackeray, Meredith, and others.

We may have gathered the impression recently that humanism and humor are antithetical. Yet commonsense steers between opposites, and between opposites is plenty of room for those inconsistencies, ironies, incongruities which are quintessential to the *Praise of Folly* and which are the source of humor. Genius detects new relationships between apparently unlike things. If he emphasizes likeness, retaining at the same time also an impression of novelty or unlikeness, he becomes a wit like Swift or Pope. But if he emphasizes unlikeness, suggesting likeness only enough to point the comparison, he becomes a humorist.

The wit, then, deals in paradox, accepting opposites because of some likeness between them. Self-love and social, says Pope, are the same. Hating and fearing madness, Swift requires the genius to be mad. So Swift becomes both more and less than himself, remaining himself. Laughing, the humorist, on the other hand, is not a man of faith but a man of love. He believes in neither genius nor commonplaceness with Swift, but he loves both because he loves the ideal between which does not exist in fact perhaps but which does exist in theory and as a source or measure of incongruity, contrast, ironies in the facts on either side. The ideal humanist is almost inevitably also a humorist except on those occasions when he is forced to be militant against Lutheran or Catholic. And it was to the humorous humanist that Rabelais bowed himself, Rabelais so surely human that he could laugh at himself and so militantly human that he could be boisterous and exaggerate human doings.

Erasmus' legacy to us, then, is himself, humanist and humorist. Alive today he would be neither Socialist nor Individualist, but enough of both, and sure enough of himself as a human being, to laugh fondly at Communist or Republican. Anyone sure enough of himself to laugh at himself is bound to get a following, and it should not have been a matter of surprise to Zweig that at the beginning of the 16th century Erasmus, not Leonardo, not Paracelsus, was the acknowledged intellectual leader of Europe: an honest man. But one can also be sure enough of oneself to shout, and one can shout louder than one can laugh, and so sometimes laughter is shouted down.

by Merrill Moore and G. E. Atcheson

BEHAVIOR MECHANISMS IN MONKEYS

BEHAVIOR MECHANISMS IN MONKEYS. By Heinrich Kluever. University of Chicago Press, 1933. (Behavior Research Fund Monograph). xvii and 387 pp. \$4.00.

In this valuable book Kluever presents his experimental work and his opinions about his investigation of behavior mechanisms in monkeys of several varieties. He attempts to separate theoretical discussion from description of experiments by his chapter division. Three chapters contain theoretical matters. In these Kluever discusses the significance of his experimental results and the methods he has devised and points to lines of further research. He analyzes his own opinions concerning a wide range of psychological questions, such as *figure and ground*, *the field*, *abstraction*, *generalization*, and *intelligence*. Two short chapters present the history of the animals used and the chronological order of the experiments. The bulk of the book is made up by two chapters in which are described, in painstaking detail, Kluever's experiments with monkeys.

In most of the experiments, Kluever has used what he names the "method of equivalent stimuli". A monkey is trained to choose, for example, the heavier of two boxes (otherwise exactly similar) that are obtainable by pulling in certain strings. During training the monkey is rewarded after pulling in the correct box by finding a piece of banana inside, and punished for an error by finding none. After training has become effective, the situation is changed in one way or another in order to find under what conditions the monkey will still pull in the heavier box. It is found that in spite of differences from the training situation in respect to the absolute or relative weights of the boxes, their appearance, their position in relation to the animal, their affective value (a caged rat is attached to the box), or the number of boxes presented, the monkey still pulls in the heavier box. All these situations are therefore "equivalent" to that presented during

training, whereas certain other situations are "non-equivalent" in that they somehow prevent the monkey from making the proper choice.

Kluever hopes by this sort of experiment to find how the world as seen by the monkey differs from the world as we see it. From such an experiment as the above he concludes that monkeys can respond to something as abstract as that one object is heavier than another, no matter what be the exact weights used. It is interesting that during training each monkey spontaneously invented a method of comparing the two weights by pulling alternately at the two strings. In other experiments Kluever determined that monkeys would react differently in response to pairs of noises differing in quality, and to differences in such attributes of visual phenomena as area, brightness, color, and intermittance.

In another type of experiment, Kluever investigates the monkey's world by presenting to it a problem to be solved by the use of tools. Food is placed out of reach of the animal, and tools are available with which to reach it. The monkey chiefly tested in this way succeeded in solving problems of some complexity. For example, she used a wire to secure a short stick with which she was able to secure another stick long enough to reach the food and draw it in to her. From these experiments Kluever concludes that at least some species of monkeys are able to use, and indeed, to invent and fabricate, tools, with an intelligence comparable to that of apes.

Kluever's object in all these experiments is to establish a body of knowledge about the psychological phenomena of monkeys which is based on carefully conducted experiments. In his work he apparently took great care with controls. In his discussions he frequently points to fallacies in methods formerly used, and to dangers of faulty analysis of experimental data. In making claims on the basis of his experimental results he takes such a conservative attitude that after many pages of describing experiments his conclusions are rather meager. He often belittles the results so stated and points to further work necessary for clarifying his problems. Indeed, as one of the weaknesses of the book is the meagerness of actual conclusions, so its strength lies in its suggestiveness of paths of future inquiry. Incidental to

his work he has invented a number of methods and suggests their further developments along special lines. All this is in line with true scientific method. He is constantly looking forward to a body of knowledge and a set of methods which will facilitate investigation in many fields and help to solve some of the fundamental problems of the mind.

It is in his chapters on theoretic matters that causes the reader the greatest inconvenience: he is tremendously obscure. In describing experiments he has been systematic, careful, and fairly concise. But in theoretical discussion he loses track of unity, coherence, and emphasis. Too frequently he flies off at a tangent, his paragraphs are badly constructed, and the reader wonder, "Why does he say this here?" or "What does he mean?" The book contains much that the present reviewers could not pretend to understand, it will give every reader considerable difficulty. While we do not lack confidence in his originality, we must admit the suspicion that he has avoided revising his theoretical chapters!

Dr. K. S. Lashley has written an introduction to this book. He comments on the importance of the study of sub-human primates for understanding human behavior. Kluever's monograph, he writes, "sets a new standard for analytical studies of behavior", bringing forth "for the first time something approaching a complete picture of the perceptual world of an animal." He encourages such studies with lower animals. "The most immediate value of the study", he writes, "is in laying a foundation for investigations of the neuro-physiology of behavior."

As the editor of the series in which this book appears, (the Behavior Research Fund Monographs), Ernest W. Burgess writes a foreword in which he praises Kluever as embodying "in an unusual degree the elements essential to the best scientific investigation in any field."

In his own preface, Kluever emphasized the primary importance of careful experimentation. "It is apparent," he adds, "that the experiments reported in Chapters IV and V suggest at every point the necessity for and the possibility of further work. The data do not permit of any final conclusions; nevertheless, as the result of our work many problems have received a more precise formulation. No doubt, an immense amount of work still remains to be done before there is some agreement as to what

functions or mechanisms are truly fundamental" or "basic in behavior."

While the present reviewers realize that a great deal more understanding of the problems of psychology than they possess is necessary to make a safe prediction about the value of this book, they venture the guess that it will be regarded as a significant contribution to comparative psychology. It is an impressive book whose breadth of scope, scientific attitude, and forwardness of view may overcome its faults of incomprehensibility.

by C. F. Harrold

VICTORIANS

LEADERS OF THE VICTORIAN REVOLUTION. By John W. Cunliffe. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1934. Pp. viii, 343. \$3.00.

PICTURED STORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By J. W. Cunliffe. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1934. Pp. 346. \$3.00.

A new appraisal of the Victorians is always provocative. As the age of Darwin becomes more and more remote, and as we increasingly become conscious that our own times are but an extension of those troubled years, we welcome any analysis which bids fair to illuminate our dilemma by a fresh examination of the Victorian assumptions. Professor Cunliffe, unlike Mr. Wingfield-Stratford, evidently has no thesis to propound, no verdict to deliver. He subjects the entire epoch, in all its phenomena, to a searching but very readable analysis of the "revolution" which constituted so much of the period. Taking the concept of evolution as the touchstone for evaluation and perspective, he considers the Victorians according to three periods: the Early

Victorians whose main literary activities began before 1860; the Middle Victorians who directly or indirectly participated in the evolutionary controversy between 1860 and 1880; and the Later Victorians, whose works manifest the general acceptance of the evolutionary theory and of scientific ascendancy, from 1880 to the end of the reign. This division achieves two things: it avoids the often-encountered difficulty of deciding whether 1880 or 1901 should properly delimit the period, and it presents and justifies an organic approach to the age by means of a dominating and controlling concept. Each of the three major divisions of the book is preceded by a survey of the social, economic, political and general intellectual conditions in which the prose-writers, novelists, and poets produced their work. There is thus a constant reference to the "revolutionary" atmosphere which shaped the creative productions of the period. Professor Cunliffe has readily avoided the writing of merely another text-book, by permitting his central theme to operate electrically upon the vast data with which he worked, and by allowing himself, sometimes arbitrarily, to expand or condense as his purpose suggested. George Gissing, a Late Victorian, therefore receives more space than Tennyson. Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and Spencer are together given twenty-three pages, as against seven pages for Newman, seven for Thackeray, and eleven for the Brownings—almost an even distribution between the two groups in spite of the incommensurability among the writers of the second group and in contrast to the conventional rate of emphasis. But perhaps the feature which sets the book in a category by itself is its informal and easy style, by which the reader is conducted back to an age in which the writer himself was very much at home and very attentive to characteristic social phenomena.

On the other hand, the book suffers to some extent by the very facility which recommends it. Slips of memory and unmistakable errors occur frequently enough to make one pause. Thus the author has Newman composing "Abide with Me" rather than "Lead Kindly Light", on the voyage from the Mediterranean (p. 61). In the Achilli trial, Newman's costs were really £12,000, rather than £14,000 (p. 63). Unless the author is facetious, it is an error to refer to Ruskin's wife, Euphemia Gray, as becoming

eventually *Lady Millaïs* (p. 67). And Ruskin's great triad was, following Wordsworth, "Admiration, Hope and Love," rather than "Aspiration, Hope, and Love" (p. 71). These are, to be sure, flaws of a very minor kind in an otherwise admirable and stimulating book, which should make the reader look anew at the fascinating and paradoxical age of Victoria.

All lovers of books and title pages and illustrations will at once capitulate to the charm and handsomeness of Professor Cunliffe's *Pictured Story of English Literature*. There are no less than one hundred and thirty-five reproductions, all of them handled skillfully on a texture of paper which yields a remarkable depth of tone and smoothness of surface. The format is substantial and distinguished. The text is lucid, swift, and informal, calculated to initiate the reader into complete intimacy with the human, as well as the literary, side of the subject. Preceding the text are twenty-two pages of "Notes on the Illustrations," many of them running to considerable length and containing explanatory and often curious information. The book is obviously one that would fill a unique place in any book-lover's library.

by Edgar L. Pennington

HIPPOLYTUS FOR ANGLICANS

THE APOSTOLIC TRADITION OF HIPPOLYTUS. Translated into English with introduction and notes by Burton Scott Easton. New York: The Macmillan Company; Cambridge, England: at the University Press. 1934. \$2.25. (21½ cm. pp. 7, 112).

The early Christians, filled with spontaneity and enthusiasm as they undoubtedly were, could not long exist without organization and laws and rules for their governance. It is generally conceded that Christ and His apostles did not lay down specific rules, but

rather moral principles. Very soon, however, we find the infant Church developing a system of regulation—at first somewhat indefinite and pliable, but more and more uniform and binding with the advancing decades.

The material on which the Christians drew for legislative purposes was, first, the Old Testament—for the new Testament books as written were little known and not widely disseminated; next, the Greek ethical works, which affected Gentile Christianity in certain localities far more than the Hebrew Scriptures did; thirdly, established customs, of which there is considerable evidence in the epistles of St. Paul; and, fourthly, local customs which gradually grew up in the different churches and which were ultimately accepted as authoritative and of universal application. In this way, the Church worked out its laws. Uniformity resulted in time, especially in major matters, although differences in minor matters were tolerated.

Out of this material there arose a class of Christian literature, which is known as the "Church Orders." The "Church Orders" purported to lay down rules for the administration of the Christian community and the conduct of the services. Ordination, the ritual of the sacraments, the election of bishops—such things came within the scope of the "Church Orders."

The principal "Church Orders" are:—

- (1) The Didache, which dates from the early part of the second century and was highly regarded by the primitive Church.
- (2) The Apostolic Tradition of Hippolytus, which was also known as the Egyptian Church Order.
- (3) The Didascalia. This was a handbook, written probably in Syria, about the year 250. It deals with Church organization, finance, and discipline, but has little to say regarding doctrine and ritual.
- (4) The Apostolic Church Order. This closely resembles the Didache. Originally written in Greek, it probably came from Egypt. It treats of Church organization, the duties of women, the election of bishops, and other details.
- (5) The Apostolic Constitutions. This is an ambitious work, attempting, as it does, a complete treatment of Church law and

liturgics. Earlier sources are collected and revised. It dates from about 375, and originated in Syria or Constantinople.

(6) The Apostolic Canons. These eighty-five canons were appended to the Apostolic Constitutions, and were widely used and translated. To this day they are accepted in their entirety in the Greek Orthodox Church; but the Roman Church limits itself to the first fifty.

(7) The Epitome of the Eighth Book of the Apostolic Constitutions. The title is a misnomer; the book deals with ordinations.

(8) The Testament of our Lord. This is a dissertation of Church architecture, liturgics, and such matters; and was written about 360.

(9) The Canons of Hippolytus. This is a collection of thirty-eight canons, attributed to Hippolytus.

(10) Sarapion's Prayers. In this we find prayers for the holy eucharist, for ordination, and other ceremonies. They were compiled by Sarapion, Bishop of Thumis, about the year 350.

It is with the second of these "Church Orders" that this volume deals. Hippolytus has a unique position in ecclesiastical history. He was a schismatic Bishop of Rome, and was the founder of a schism; and yet he has been canonised. Little is known of him, but a lasting tradition has grown up about his authority in liturgics and Church law. He died about 235; but subsequent writings are attributed to him. The "Apostolic Tradition," which was undoubtedly his work, consists of laws for Church organization and the conduct of worship. The rules are interspersed freely with comment and explanation. That Hippolytus was a compiler of existing usages rather than an originator and legislator is clear; indeed, the "Apostolic Tradition" may be said to represent the normal practices at Rome for some thirty or forty years before his time. Hence, the book has been described by Harnack, as "the richest source that we in any form possess . . . of the polity of the Roman Church in the oldest time."

Up to the publication of Dr. Easton's translation, the "Apostolic Tradition" has been almost inaccessible in English, and the editions have been faulty and incomplete. A real service has been

performed in rendering such an important piece of source-material generally available.

The "Apostolic Tradition" deals with the ordination of bishops, after they have been "chosen by all the people"; and describes the service of consecration and quotes the prayers used. The ordination of presbyters and deacons is similarly set forth. Shorter sections deal with the setting apart of confessors, widows, readers, virgins, and sub-deacons. There are rules for the reception of new converts to the faith.

Inquiry shall likewise be made about the professions and trades of those who are brought to be admitted to the faith. If a man is a pander, he must desist or be rejected. If a man is a sculptor or painter, he must be charged not to make idols; if he does not desist, he must be rejected. If a man is an actor or pantomimist, he must desist or be rejected. A teacher of young children (NOTE: Greek education included much time spent on Homer, whose mythology the Christians naturally regarded as unedifying) had best desist, but if he has no other occupation, he may be permitted to continue. A charioteer, likewise, who races or frequents races, must desist or be rejected. A gladiator or a trainer of gladiators, or a huntsman (in the wild-beast shows), or anyone connected with these shows, or a public official in charge of gladiatorial exhibitions must desist or be rejected. A heathen priest or anyone who tends idols must desist or be rejected. A soldier of the civil authority must be taught not to kill men and to refuse to do so if he is commanded, and to refuse to take an oath; if he is unwilling to comply, he must be rejected. A military commander or civic magistrate that wears the purple must resign or be rejected. If a catechumen or a believer seeks to become a soldier, they must be rejected, for they have despised God. A harlot or licentious man or one who has castrated himself or any other who does things not to be named, must be rejected, for they are defiled. A magician must not (even) be brought for examination. An enchanter, an astrologer, a diviner, a soothsayer, a user of magic verses, a juggler, a mountebank, an amulet-maker must desist or be rejected. A concubine, who is a slave and has reared her children and has been faithful to her master alone, may become a hearer; but if she has failed in these matters, she must be rejected. If a man has a concubine, he must desist and marry legally; if he is unwilling, he must be rejected.

New converts must spend three years as hearers of the word,

under competent instruction. Then they may be brought to baptism—a service which is described at great length. The Lord's Supper and the love-feast are also introduced. The whole work shows how seriously and zealously the early Christians regarded their religion.

by Arthur E. DuBois

ANOTHER JAMES IS BORN

ALICE JAMES: HER BROTHERS, HER JOURNAL. Edited with introduction by Anna Robeson Burr. New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co., 1934. Pp. 254.

If not epical, the James family was somehow microcosmical. That is why Alice's *Journal*, William's *Letters*, and even Henry's *Notes of a Son and Brother*, I think, manage to grip one into the James world—guided though one may be by these rather strange, gifted persons, one comes into one's own. The tragic comedy played on their stage is the eternal one between Life and Death, neither of which is finally protagonist or antagonist, both of which triumph in the end over the other like Roberts and Anthony in *Strife*. Really two books in one, the *Journal* and an account of the two youngest James boys, somehow compressing the whole show within vision, *Alice James* is fittingly dedicated to Wilky, Bob, and Alice James—of course there were two others, William a psychologist, Henry a novelist, of some repute.

The James family was homogeneous. That homogeneity was essential to their achieving the distinction of being collectively microcosmic. To begin with, the parents were an extraordinary pair, especially the father, who had gone through hell on his own account and who was vainly anxious to save all his children such Herculean pain. Henry James, Sr., had really been *born* so con-

spicuously that his presence was forever with the James children their mother could become a kind of ideal type mother, but the father was always a bit more than an ideal type father.

Then, too, there was the common cosmopolitan, liberal training for all the children, according to which they were nourished on no dogmas, were stimulated by open discussions of all sorts of subjects at an early age, and were left as far as possible in the presence of a *born* individual like their father to form their own conclusions and fashion their own destinies in their own ways, encouraged to become individualists, to get born, to stand on their own feet.

Finally, the James family had a common genius, original with their heritage. The James children, for example, had an original genius, like their father's, for surviving nervous disorders. They had a common ability to analyze each other and especially to themselves. They could stand off and watch themselves when they were laughing, crying, thinking, dying. They were confoundedly articulate. Inherited or cultivated, they had a profound distrust of systems: philosophical, theological, or scientific, a distrust so profound that it easily became pragmatic! They were too individualistic, too interested in individuals to be philosophical! In short, the whole James family was novelist and psychologist so that, even after the events, one cannot be sure that Henry shouldn't have gone to Harvard and William written the novels.

Seeing themselves in others, finally, the James family had a common and, I think, American genius for laughter; laughter of the two most civilized kinds; (1) at themselves and (2) in what Henry called "intellectual larking". Doubtless this ability to laugh grew out of the ability to watch themselves as well as others in the "humbuggery called life", to see themselves as a kind of microcosmos.

Amounting in itself almost to a personality, of course at first this homogeneity was latent, explicit in the father rather than in the children. But it would crop out as they achieved that hard madness which makes novelists or psychologists out of human beings. The rest of their story crystallizes this liquid homogeneity into five unique, hard personalities, gets them born in their own

rather than in their father's right, and then drops them off, one by one, found and lost but contributing meanwhile to the articulation of the tragic comedy.

Standing on one's own feet, of course, is standing alone. And the James children find themselves as they get lonely. William and Henry are born into the world first and with least travail, naturally enough because William was the oldest, the oldest commonly has to take "the lickings", and because Henry, being congenitally shy and proud, self-conscious of his own original genius, more or less always had to support himself from within, watchfully alone with his dreamings and musings. And so, William and Henry ceased to be human boys, the first becoming that most unique thing, a true psychologist, the second becoming so much the novelist that he could write novels alone with himself in vacuity.

But it was harder for Wilky and Bob, who were caught up in movements where they were more likely to lose themselves, discovering only the personality of the group, rather than to find themselves. They became ardent Northerners, ardent planters in the days of recovery, and so on. Besides, their geniuses were perhaps less exclusive than those of their brothers. Wilky seems to have had a knack especially for being a good fellow. And Bob, the most versatile of the five, found it very hard to stop being this in order to become that; as Henry suggested, Bob the ebullient, up and down, up and down, came to be an "extraordinary instance of a man's nature constituting his profession, his whole stock in trade," and he pulled the heartstrings of his lame Henry, Sr., who yearned out toward Bob, driven nearly to distraction by having to confine his love to letters and to the meaningless words of advice letters will only hold. Bob was all the Jameses rolled into one, too much for any individual to be successfully.

Still there was Alice, youngest child and only daughter—how on earth in this family of gifted men in the 19th century was this virgin to find herself? Well, the Jameses were to prove that they had a knack of dying, of doing a good job of it, with a kind of gusto, at least with a kind of joy. Unconsciously at first, after she took sick at the age of 19, Alice became a specialist in dying.

Her *Journal*, accordingly, begins late in life, after she had found herself, unique as a specialist in dying.

No James, I suppose . . . the microcosmos itself could not be born completely until death had rounded off the job, putting limits, definitions, names, or ends upon personality. All the way through, since it involves ceasing to be human and artistic and practical and adventuresome, being born, being born a novelist or psychologist, is in fact a manifestation of death. And so, being born anything, since it is also dying, is a bit of a shock: to Alice, it was shocking therefore to find an actress confined for life to play the rôle of a red-nosed lady, to find a king deprived of privacy by his job, to find a doctor so poor in jokes that he repeated a mediocre pun for seven years, to find consciousness restricted by business to the single field of that business. Of course it was especially shocking to find one's self dying exclusively, rather "droll" that, when other and active persons could die suddenly, apparently one's "having a few more headaches should be essential to the development of the race" though one had already learned to give up life itself, at least all the things of life.

So, Alice finds herself being born to die. There is no use in rebelling. On the one hand,

How thankful I am that I never struggled to be of those "who are not as others are," but that I discovered at the earliest moment that my talents lay in being *more so* . . . Every hour I live, I become an intenser devotee to *Common sense*.

On the other hand, she

early perceived that the figure of abortive rebel lent itself much more to the comic than the heroic in the eye of the cold-blooded observer, and that for practical purposes surrender, smiling if possible, is the only attainable surface which gives no hold to the scurvy tricks of Fortune.

Accordingly, there is nothing necessarily morbid about Alice's long facing of death. Accordingly, too, one might commit suicide, but suicide is a very messy way of giving up a hard job, of confessing failure to be born.

The *Journal* then is of a woman being born to die, and as a comparable human document it takes its place beside William's *Letters* and Henry's *Notes*, also records of being born. Most of

the *Journal* is filled with clippings, anecdotes, stories, jokes from the department of Birth known as Life, against which the dying woman finds herself. Throughout the *Journal*, however, are the two significant running themes, (1) consciousness of the need to find one's self, one's job, and (2) consciousness of having found her own unique job, that of dying.

Persons have to be born, have to pass through the shaping period until "fitted to every limitation through the long custom of surrender". Persons have to stand by and watch others being born toilsomely, "taking the stamp given by the end". In the process of being born, persons have to watch the job being completed by others in death—Mr. Booth, anybody, dies,

As they drop off, how we bury ourselves bit by bit, along the dusty highway to the end. The special facets of our being, which turned towards each one will never more be played upon by the rays which he gave forth . . . how darksome the last stages, if we have not made our own his individual and inextinguishable radiance, to warm the memory and illuminate the mind.

We have to "walk across our little stage lighted up by our little self-conscious footlights." Self-revelations of personality come therefore to be of superlative interest—one is either novelist, you see, or psychologist. And looking toward death with certainty, "one becomes suddenly picturesque to one's self and one's wavering little individuality stands out with cameo effect."

So Alice found herself. In the background were persons born to do something in addition to dying: Henry, man of the theatre; Katherine Loring, friend, embodiment of health; the nurse; all those other ghosts belonging to the world of which Alice was no part, the stories of whose widows re-marrying, its women having many, many children, its workers being poor, its creatures worshipping a God never knowable to Alice were romances to her. For foreground, there was Alice herself, the intellectual aspects of whose own death were much more interesting to her than the physical, those matters of a tumor at the breast, cardiac trouble, rheumatism, and so on.

Alice knew that she had found herself. She was consequently very tender toward those who had not found themselves, persons who never got their bearings straight and were unashamed to

confess themselves defeated. Wilky had been born to live, and he had lived. Alice had been born to die, and she would die:

Within the last year [Henry] has published *The Tragic Muse*, brought out *The American*, and written a play, *Mrs. Vibert . . .* and his excellent comedy; combined with William's *Psychology*, not a bad show for one family—especially if I get myself dead, the hardest job of all.

Being a James, she could even watch and laugh at herself.

I didn't see [Dr. Baldwin], but H[enry] and K[ay] both extracted the consoling answer to "Can she die?"—"They sometimes do." This is most cheering to all parties, the only drawback being that I shall not be one of the audience—dreadful fraud.

Having imagination, she could even cheat at her solitaire and see herself dying in an English hotel,

with perfect decency, the residuum being carried down the back stairs whilst the people are at lunch or dinner, so that unless your friends or attendants are afflicted with reverberating sorrow, your neighbor never suspects that a little race has been run next door.

Why did she write the *Journal*? Well, she was articulate, being a James. And "the difficulty about all this dying is that you can't tell a fellow anything about it; so where does the fun come in?" The end came on March 4-5. As late as the preceding 3 September she still felt sorry, "for I feel as if I hadn't yet given my message." Of course she hadn't! On the last day, she worried and fretted until the last entry was dictated to her taste, the moment having arrived better han that "wonderful moment when I felt myself floated for the first time, into the deep sea of divine cessation, and saw all the dear old mysteries and miracles vanish into vapor."

Another James had been born! And

How wearying to the substance and exasperating to the nerves is the perpetual bewailing, wondering at and wishing to alter things happened; as if all personal concern didn't vanish as the "happened" crystallizes into history.

One cannot say that in itself or for the *Journal*, the long and gossipy "Introduction" isolates themes, but one feels the more

confident of one's weave for having picked up one's own thread. And it is refreshing to forget the novelist and psychologist and find, instead, Wilky and Bob together with such forgotten second-generation young personages as Edward and Ellen Emerson or Julian Hawthrone. Often it takes a woman to make us forget the novelist and psychologist, God bless her! All of the James novels and psychologies are ultimately about Wilky and Alice and Bob, living, dying, and being themselves, a microcosmos of which William is the analyst and Henry the diarist (or is it the other way around?), the end of which is Birth.

EDITORIAL POSTSCRIPT:

For the information of readers, subscribers, and contributors, the editor wishes to state that this issue and the succeeding one (July-September, 1935) are published under unusual conditions. His sudden appointment as Visiting Carnegie Professor to the British Universities of Manchester and of Liverpool and to the Scottish University of Aberdeen necessitated the completion of the *SEWANEE REVIEW* through September 1935, before his sailing from America.

He wishes publicly to thank the Director and Staff of the University Press of Sewanee for their cordial coöperation in making possible his departure for England on January 19, 1935.